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A soupçon of Guinness's

"One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor

From travel in England, is tempting his "future"

With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter",

And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses

With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and soupçon of Guinness's."

Richard Barham, "*The Ingoldsby Legends*" (1842).

When "Ingoldsby" was written, Guinness was bottled in stoneware. The stone bottle illustrated was made by Stephen Green of Lambeth, some time before 1850.

The ingenuity — often the perverted ingenuity — of the Reverend Richard Barham's rhymes arouses the suspicion that it was for their sake that Guinness appears here. However, there is no doubt that by 1837, when the Ingoldsby Legends began to appear in "Bentley's Miscellany", Guinness was being exported to many parts of the world and doubtless Spain was among them. Today Guinness is enjoyed, in perfect condition, all over the world by people who know what's good for them. And, as Violante and Iñes no doubt discovered, Guinness and a sandwich is almost a meal in itself.

G.E.2437

A copy of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10

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Here's a situation where the leading personalities —like you?—have to be particular in their choice of car, because a certain standard of looks and performance is expected of them—and helpful. People who command attention very often own a Zephyr-6. They bought one because . . . . A Zephyr, although a high-class car, is definitely not an extravagant one. Its lines are classically modern, its fittings and finish are in keeping. Its oversquare 6-cylinder engine gives outstanding power without high running costs. It seats five large people in luxury and is an effortless joy to drive. It has the unique Ford 'glide-ride' suspension. It has all the virtues ***(and Ford Service too!)***

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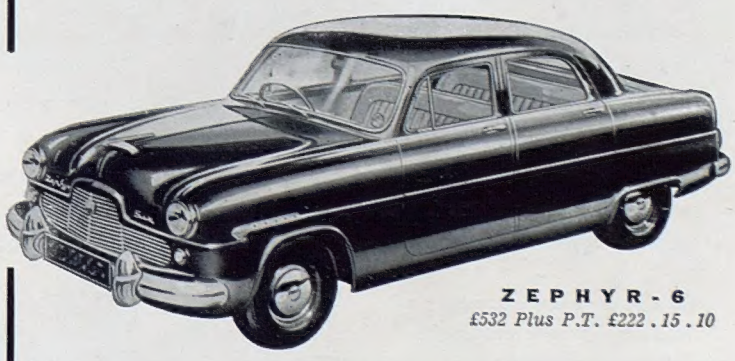

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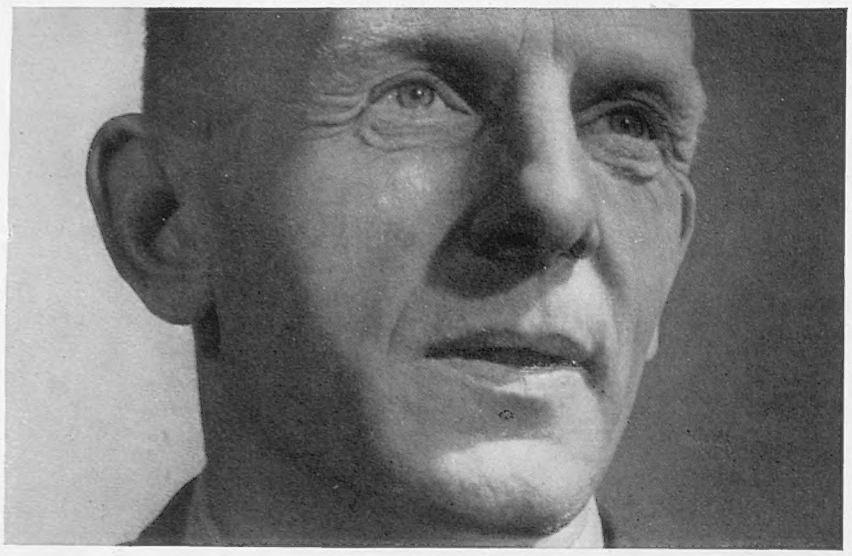

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They're the eyes of a man who knows his job, eyes that reflect years of training and experience, the eyes of a garage fitter—your garage man. Trust him when he tells you the brakes of your car should be checked every 2,500 miles. He's thinking of your safety—and your pocket too, because properly adjusted brake linings last longer.

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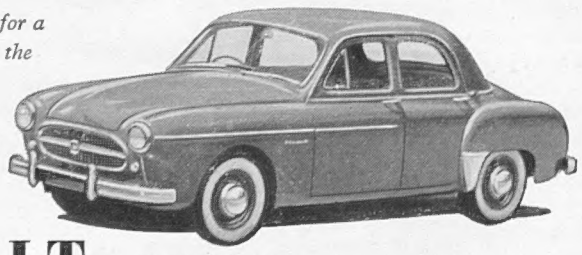

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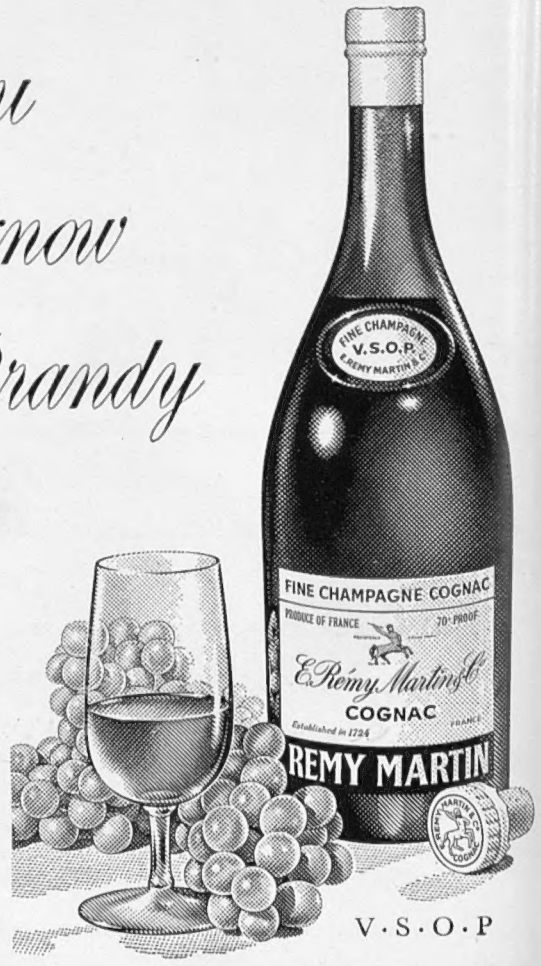
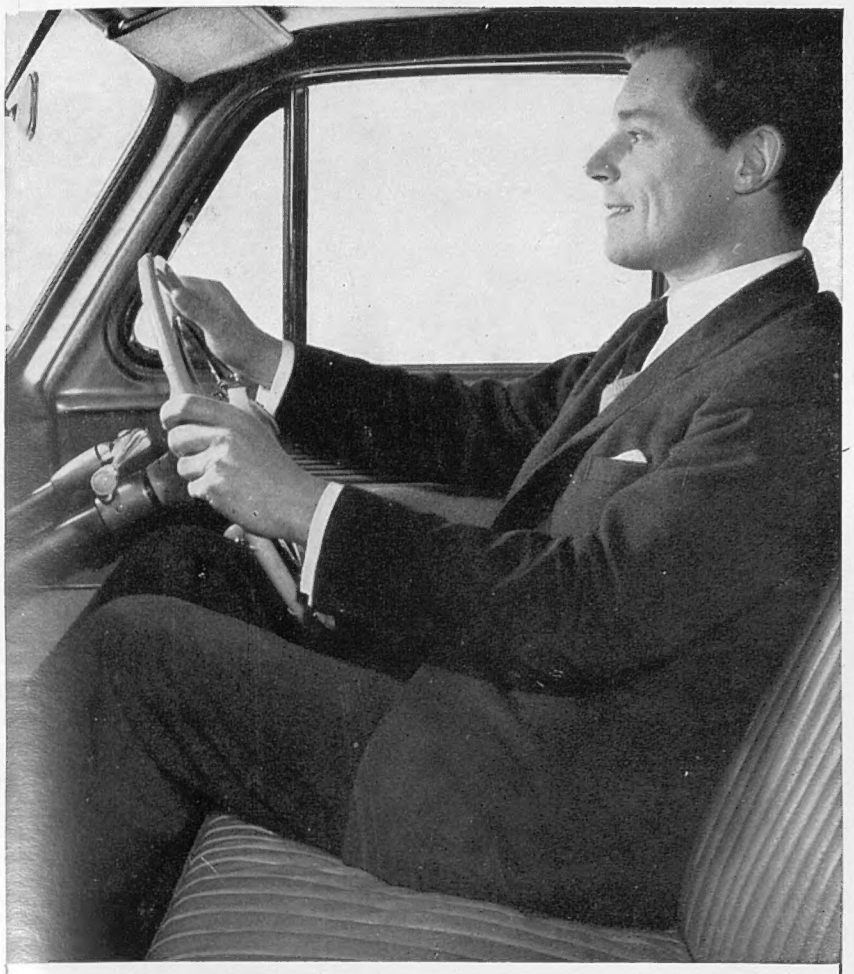


V·S·O·P

REMY MARTIN

Pride of Cognac



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You will be going several m.p.h. more.

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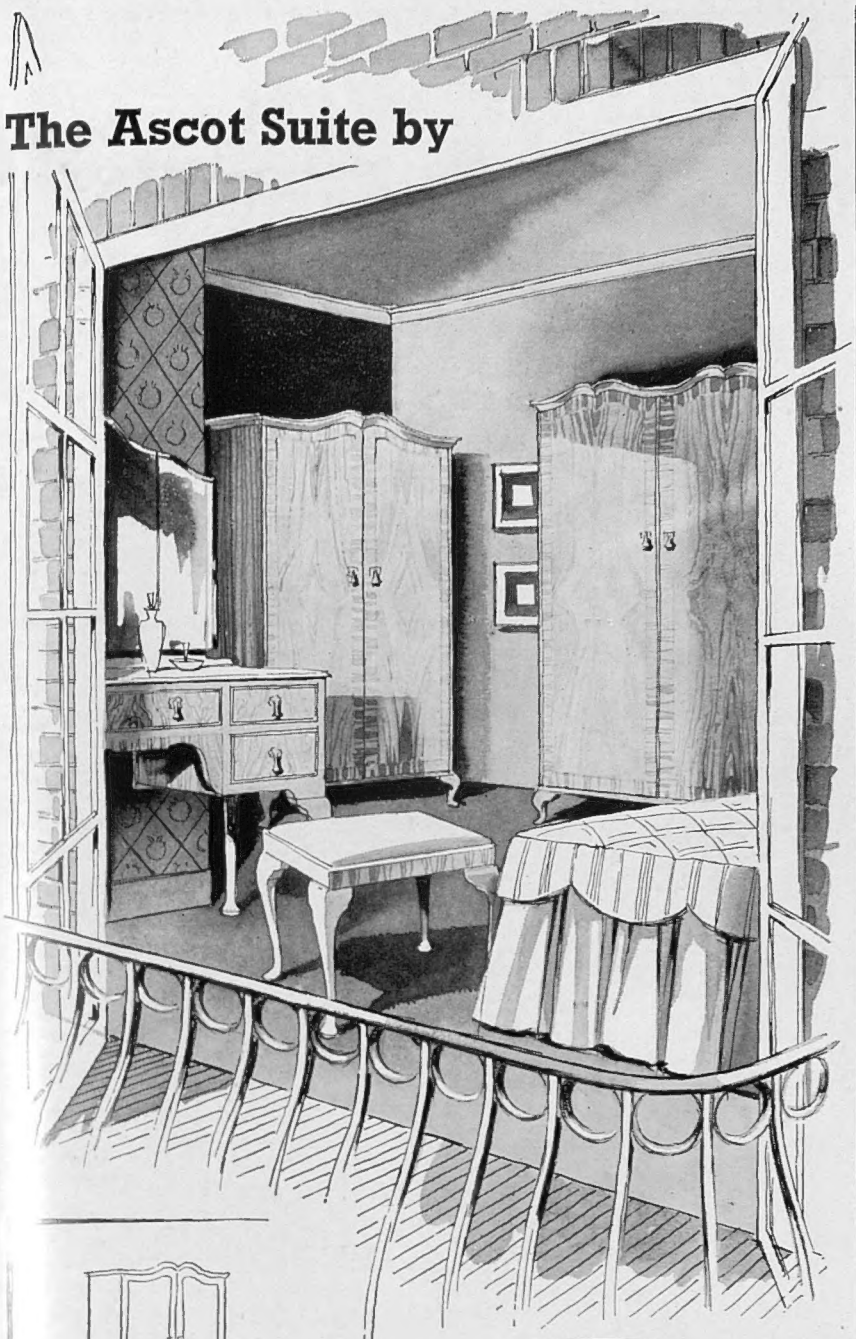

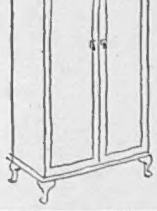

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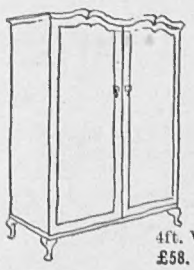

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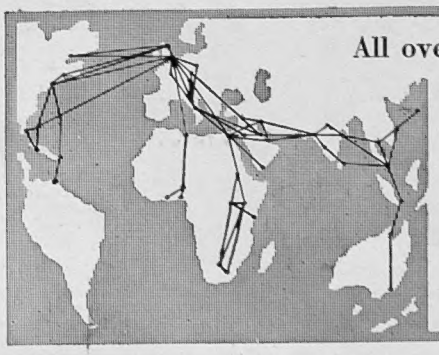

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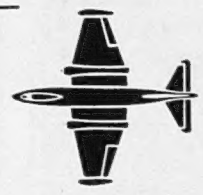
Now powering the Hawker Hunter—Britain's key fighter—Sapphire jets also power 12 other aircraft vital to Western Defence!



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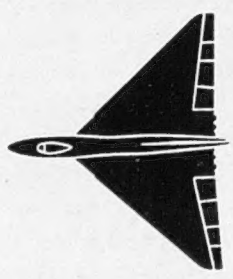

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WHY SAPPHIRES ARE NEEDED!

As fighter speeds get faster and faster new qualities are demanded of the engines which thrust them through the air. Without doubt, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jet engine is the most successful answer to these problems in production today. The salient features of the Sapphire are (1) robust simplicity of construction. (2) ease of installation and maintenance. (3) high efficiency. (4) immediate response to acceleration.

SAPPHIRES LIKE CANNONS!

The most important fact about the Sapphire can be summed up in a few words. It gets on well with cannons. The importance and truth of this fact cannot be over-emphasized. Gun firing does not affect the Sapphire to any significant degree. The combination of the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jet engine and the Hawker Hunter fighter provides a successful, fully integrated weapon.

WHY THE PILOT LIKES THE SAPPHIRE!

If you want to know the truth about an aero engine—ask the man whose life depends on it. Here is a typical comment of an R.A.F. test pilot. "You can 'slam' a Sapphire throttle forward any time you like and get immediate surge-free acceleration in any manœuvre. 'Slam' it how you like—there's not a stutter of doubt in the Sapphire." This is the sort of sound, practical reason why America has already produced thousands of Sapphires for some of her most important aircraft.

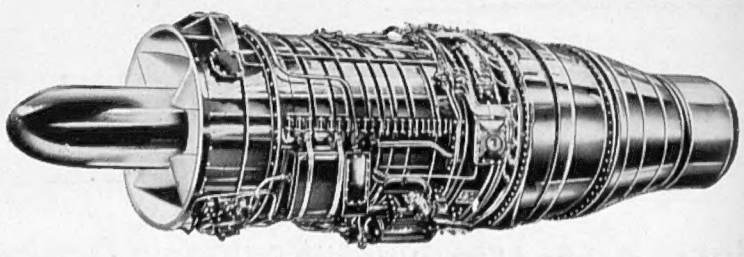
SUCCESS IN THE AIR!

The successful development of the Sapphire is a brilliant example of Armstrong Siddeley pioneering. It adds another 'first' to a list which includes the Python and Double Mamba—only Propeller Turbine Engines in regular service with the armed forces of the free world today; the Viper, which powers the Australian Jindivik target aircraft and was also chosen by the R.A.F. for its first jet trainer. The background necessary for these achievements has not been built overnight: it stretches back over half a century and is part of the history of British engineering and aviation. Over 65,000 skilled workers, technicians and aeronautical engineers man the immense production facilities of the Hawker Siddeley Group.

This combination of men, machines and production 'know how' guarantees a smooth flowing production line for the world's most reliable turbo-jet—the Sapphire.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

SAPPHIRE



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Volume CCXXI No. 2883

The SPHERE, London, May 14, 1955

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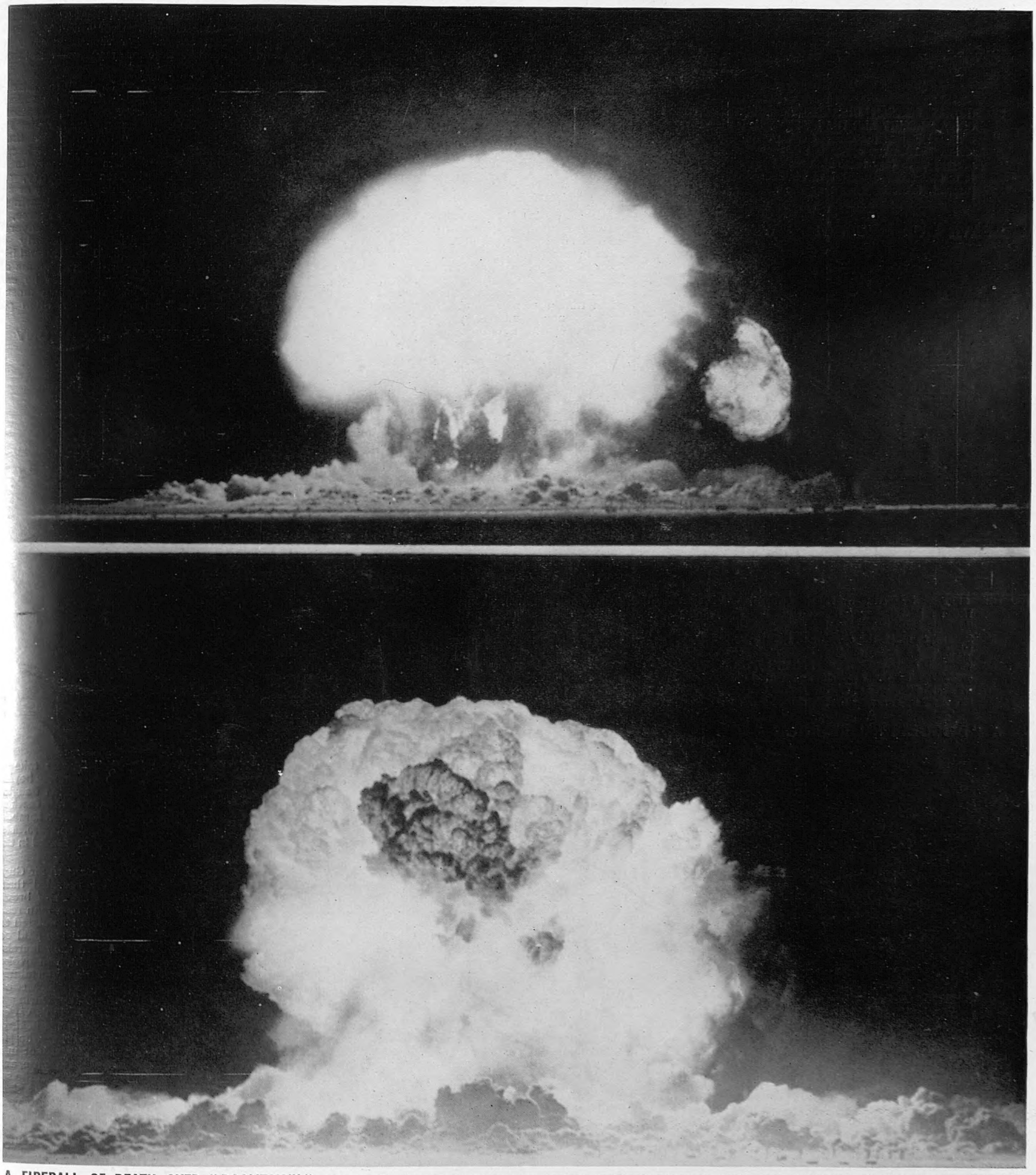


A FIREBALL OF DEATH OVER "DOOMTOWN"—THE FIRST FIVE SECONDS OF LAST WEEK'S ATOMIC EXPLOSION OVER THE MINIATURE TOWNSHIP BUILT FOR THE TEST IN THE NEVADA DESERT: In the top picture the nuclear device is seen bursting into a ball of fire in the pre-dawn darkness at Yucca Flats, two seconds after the detonation. *Below*, three seconds later, the fireball develops streaks of dark, while the initial blast churns up the desert below into tidal waves of dust.

The first comprehensive test of the damage of nuclear weapons to communities, and their effect on military and civilian defence operations, took place, after seven postponements, at Yucca Flats, last week. The device, which was exploded from the top of a 500-ft. steel tower, was estimated to have been nearly twice as powerful as the atomic bombs dropped on Japan in 1945. The centre of interest to the 6,000 people who took part in the test was the township built, at a cost of nearly 1,000,000 dollars, in the vicinity of the explosion. Although it was battered and burnt, the "typical American community" stood up surprisingly well to the blast. Several buildings within three miles of the explosion remained virtually intact. These were houses built of concrete and cement. One of the most important features of the test was the ability of a battalion of tanks, within 3,200 yards of the explosion, not only to ride the storm, but also to advance through the dust thrown up by the blast, and under the atomic cloud, across the devastated area. Civil defence workers were also seen in action. (Further pictures from Yucca Flats appear on page 250.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

ARRANGING THE BATH FESTIVAL

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM DISCUSSES ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST": He is seen discussing a model of sets for the opera with the designer, Oliver Messel (left). The opera is being performed during the present Bath May Festival, which goes on until May 21. It is under the direction of Sir Thomas. The Bath May Festival, hitherto known as the Assembly, is "devoted in character to the arts of the eighteenth century."

"SAVE OUR CHURCHES" WEEK

THE APPEAL BY THE HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST: Miss Peggy Ashcroft puts the first coin on the "Silver Steps" at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, to mark the opening of the "Save Our Churches" Week. An area of the church steps was roped off for the contributions of passers-by. The appeal was organised by the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, which has the task of raising £4,000,000 for urgent repairs to over 2,000 ancient parish churches. (See also p. 272.)

A "DOGGETT'S" REUNION

HOLDERS OF THE DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE ATTEND THEIR FIRST REUNION DINNER: Watched by guests at the dinner at the "Coach and Eight," at Putney, Mr. G. H. J. Gobbett, winner of the Doggett's Coat and Badge race in 1913, examines a cup which has been presented to the Watermen and Lightermen's Company. It bears the arms of the Company, and has the Royal Crest and a scene depicting the Doggett's Coat and Badge race rowed by Thames watermen, which originated in 1715.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Strike After Strike.—I can conceive that the next batch of statistics on industrial disturbances over the past year will tell us not to believe our own eyes and ears. We are so often told nowadays in such statistics that hours lost by strikes do not compare with former years. We wonder why we get the impression that this country's industry is never free from strikes, official or unofficial. If the unofficial preponderates, that is hardly a cause for optimism, since it increases the sources of trouble and reveals the steady decline in the authority of Trades Unions. Of which, indeed, the T.U.C. and many unions are well aware. The call-off of the railway strike brought home no lesson: 85,000 miners in the Yorkshire area unofficially came out before the good news had been digested. The men scorned the advice of their union chief. They would not wait for the machinery of negotiation to work. There is a telling paragraph in a report from the South Wales Area Council of the N.U.M. revealing the hideous increase in strikes and restrictive practices in that area. "The tremendous good-will evinced in the early days of nationalisation has been completely lost in a number of areas." The reason adduced is loss of faith in the N.C.B. The miners know that they can secure redress of their grievances by taking or threatening action. What does this imply? The Union *Executive* feels the loss of faith in the N.C.B. Their authority has no backing from the Board. It is not a question of the miners individually losing faith in the Board. They have great faith in it, as a useful milch-cow. If this does not mean that nationalisation as a means of obtaining better economy and public service and high output has proved a mirage, I don't know what it means. The Socialists promise us more of it, and if a majority of the voters want more, they will get more.

King Goodheart's Manifesto.—For every one who feels inclined some plum we undertake to find and all shall equal be. The aristocrat who banks at Coutts, the aristocrat who cleans the boots . . . each and all is promised a plummy slice of the national cake (baked by the Tories since the last Labour cake vanished in crumbs), if only they vote right (which is left) on May 26. It will be free for all. Freedom from long conscription and the burden of armaments, as a result of world peace; freedom from fear of the A-bomb (as a result of making it but promising not to use it). Freedom from strikes as a result of more and restored nationalisation. Unrestricted social welfare under a new Ministry, giving freedom from every fear and care. TV free from advertising. Education that really educates. Sport and theatre free from taxation, a much lower cost of living, a much higher standard of living, and shorter and easier working hours. How will it be done? By plain common sense, in which the Tories are deficient, and by cutting up their newly-baked national cake (as long as it will last). And, after that, there will be increments from the detected tax-dodgers and the excessive profits of the capitalists (those woo-ed aristocrats who bank with Coutts), and anything else which the genius of Mr. Gaitskell, with hints from Dr. Dalton, can rake in. But, any way, this is not a *budget* but an Election Manifesto. The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a pre-election kind. The only thing it asks of us is faith in a wordy millennium, and one little x in the right (that is, the left) place. But when the new education which really educates us has got going, a Labour Election Manifesto will have to be designed for adults, not for the "comics" fans. But there 's no hurry for that.

The Tory Jaw-Breaker.—The Tory Manifesto covers more than thirty pages of paper. It is gobbledegook, it is penny-a-lining at the cut-rate of .005 of a penny a line. It is twenty pages too long. If it be commendable at all, it is commendable for its avoidance of gross misrepresentation and fantastic promises, and for some sound sense in international affairs. But it is inexcusable, because the Tories have a strong case and could have briefed it in 200 words. How might they have worded it? "Take us or leave us. You know the alternative. You know how we found this country four years ago. You know how we leave it to-day. You are not children (a little flattery is justified in an Election Manifesto!); we can't produce silk purses out of sow's ears; we can and will try to cut the nation's coat to the best advantage for you all to suit the nation's cloth, which is still in short supply. Examine our record and the Socialists' record. If you have perfect faith that the Socialists this time will give you the millennium of your dreams, vote for them. If, on past experience, you have any doubts about that, you may be well-advised to offer us a longer opportunity to get Britain on her legs again, and to make the world a safer place to live in." For what does a nation expect its elected Government to attend to? Surely to *all* its urgent problems at home and abroad. Why, then, should the Tories wordily enlarge on some and remain shrewdly dumb about others. For them and their manifesto this was surely a time for greatness—and brevity.

Artist Trifles.—It is rare that I listen to after-dinner speeches without concealed yawns. This year's R.A. banquet was an exception. True, of late years the speeches at that banquet have been growing lighter and more frivolous, and the state of the nation and of the world of Art have been a minor theme. Primates, premiers and pundits have all grown increasingly frivolous and witty, and have usually managed to unearth a good story or two. This year all the speeches were worth hearing and all commendably short. In Mr. Justice Pearce, standing-in for Lord Salisbury, the nation has discovered a gold-mine for a postprandial light-comedy occasion. A Darling come to judgment. I shall attend his court—as a visitor, not as a suitor. His epigrams and anecdotes scintillated, and only once did he exceed the punster's limit. Sir Anthony made a most graceful (and typical) debut in the role so often played by Sir Winston. And full marks went to Sir Guy Russell. As for the P.R.A., he clearly revealed that he had coached his speakers in the wisdom of brevity. For he fired off like a machine-gun; or a man reading out, at twice dictation-speed, a series of unrelated telegrams. It was all very light-hearted, and the paid comedians of B.B.C. variety should look to their laurels. For if the amateurs, by taking thought, can evoke twenty hearty laughs in a half-hour's entertainment, the professionals should be able to produce two or three in all the time at their disposal. During the brief weeks before the elections, the nation's variety entertainers have other serious rivals in the field, of course. Mr. Morgan Phillips, for example, who found an effective Press agent in Mr. Walter Elliot in exposing his powers to make us laugh. But there are, and will be, others as good. The harlequinade holds the stage for a brief run. But the Socialist comedians already find their gags fading out, falling gold reserves, soaring tea-prices, martyrdom of Lancashire. And Nye, the vermin-hunter, is no certain draw with his old class-hatred gags. The public school accent is a two-edged sword. Time was when Labour gloried in its old-school-tie recruits.

HANDBELL RINGERS IN A FAREWELL CEREMONY

A RECITAL IN A CITY CHURCH: The Whittington Handbell Ringers take part in a ceremony at the badly damaged church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, London, E.C., during the farewell visit by eighty-seven-year-old Canon Douglas. He is seen third from left and is accompanied by Dr. Klouda, a former Czechoslovakian diplomat, and his eight-year-old son, Anthony, and by Mrs. Clara Lamb. Mr. A. E. Pearson, leader of the handbell ringers, is in the centre of the picture. The banner, leaning against the wall, depicts Dick Whittington, who was buried in the church.

O Lords, How Long?—They say that Mr. Benn will try again. The defeat of his latest effort to shuffle off his mortal coil has at least accomplished something. It has brought out a not inconsiderable body of opinion in favour of life peerages, which may tell as an argument if ever House of Lords reform is seriously tackled again. Yet, while agreeing with Lord Stansgate's verdict that the Lord Chancellor's *non-possumus* was despairing, I do not see that Lord Hastings' suggestion that a way out might be found in converting the Stansgate peerage into a

life peerage, can help Mr. Benn. That reopens the Wensleydale case, which has ever since provided a *non-possumus*. The Crown has no power—except in defined cases—to create life peerages ; *ergo*, to convert hereditary into life peerages. The suggestion would therefore imply two Bills to be passed into Acts, and one of them would effect the " profound constitutional change " (implicit in reform of the Upper House) which Lord Kilmuir saw in Mr. Benn's Bill. The talk about old blood and new, noble and common blood, must have struck most readers as unrealistic to the point of absurdity. " Norman blood " and *noblesse oblige* are museum-pieces to play on the democratic chess-board. Taxation and the National Trust have abolished or shouldered much of the ancient responsibility. Some of our " old nobility " continue to play their noble part in public life because they are good citizens, not because they are the sons of their fathers ; and peers of " common blood " vie with them in the same noble duty. That is why one-eighth of the present House performs admirably its now restricted function. But henceforth, until life peers, or, better still, senators, are created for this vital work of revision, from one party at least it will be difficult to find recruits for a duty which must involve the careers of their heirs. At the back of it all, never mentioned, lies perhaps the desire not to interfere with the Sovereign's cherished prerogative and safeguard in an hereditary aristocracy. But is there evidence that the Fountain of Honour is opposed to democratic reform in this source, or would suffer loss of prestige if it came about ? As Lord Samuel said, a sovereign *can* abdicate, and sometimes does.

"Brighton-ing" Wimbledon.—I think we need a new definition of the word " Common." We already need a new definition of " National Park." I suggest for the former : " An open space suitable for conversion into a fun fair or available to the public for a big-scale bonfire." And for " National Park " : " A large area intersected by roads very suitable for motor-racing." There is a plan now to brighten (or Brighton) Wimbledon Common. Perhaps I allow personal feelings too much licence in regard to this project. I was born in that old, long, eighteenth-century house which still stands, shorn of its 40 acres, on the West Side opposite the Round Pond, and, as a child and as a man, I have thought Wimbledon Common a paradise for town-dwellers, a unique heritage for Londoners, the last nature reserve in the sprawling wen. But the Socialists have a plan to brighten it, in the name of the " kiddies." Swimming-pools, bandstands, playing fields, car-parks, a paradise for the " kiddies " and very well suited to the new sky-scrapers that are hedging in the old windmill. The " kiddies " are allergic to Nature and wild life. Give them the smell of petrol and band music. They will paddle in cemented basins. Let the Putney electors vote Socialist and they may get their Brighton. But, vote as we may, we may be sure that in a few years' time this country of ours will be a happy and tasteful combination of Brighton and a borrowed site. The Preservation Councils and Societies count for ice at all in Whitehall.

Arthur Deakin.—Arthur Deakin was to have retired this year. He died in harness and escaped the retirement he dreaded. But it is a pity he was not born ten years later, for his influence was never more needed in industry than to-day. He was a follower and admirer of Ernest Bevin. Between them they raised (as Mr. Winston said) British trade unions to the level of an estate of the Realm. When he died, that estate needed an overhaul by a great administrator. Mouthpiece of the largest of all the unions, the T.G.W., he became something of a dictator in the T.U.C. A sound organiser, a bonny fighter. A man not prone to see the other side's point of view as clearly as his own, he yet understood, and made enemies in defence of, the limits and conditions which must attach to trade unionism. He knew better than most that its coat must be cut from the cloth available, that wage claims must always be linked with production, and that all the victories of the makers of the movement could be best preserved by discipline, restraint, conciliation and good manners. Naturally, he was a man of contradictions. Uncompromisingly sure that his own view was right and any other wrong, he was yet a master in negotiation and a practitioner of conciliation. He was the enemy of Communism, and the Communists detested him because he preached the common sense that trade unionism must serve the body politic and not wreck itself in wrecking it. He certainly towered above his kind, and men of his courage, common sense, integrity and stature will be sorely needed in the next decade. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S NEW BUILDING

By JOHN MAY

Also

CONVERTIPLANES : Cavendish Morton

Illustrates an Important New Trend in Aviation

Also

Sketches by John Mackay of the GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, which takes place on May 24

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH LEGION, WOMEN'S SECTION

THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL NATIONAL CONFERENCE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON : This picture was taken during the opening ceremony, when nearly 900 standard-bearers of the British Legion, Women's Section, assembled in one vast block behind the platform. In addition to the standard-bearers, there were 1,600 delegates and about 450 visitors.

On left—

A SPEECH FROM THE PLATFORM : The Chairman of the Women's Section, Dame Regina Evans, is seen speaking to the vast assembly. Next to her is Captain S. H. Hampson, the National Chairman of the British Legion. One of the resolutions adopted by the two-day Conference reaffirmed support of the policy, as laid down by the British Legion at successive annual conferences, for 90s. a week pension for the 100 per cent. disabled, with corresponding increases for lower assessments and for war widows.

THE BLESSING OF NEW COTTAGES IN THE BOROUGH OF ST. PANCRAS

FIVE MORE EDITH NEVILLE COTTAGES ARE BLESSED BY THE ARCHDEACON OF LEWES AND OPENED : They complete a terrace of ten small houses in St. Pancras, London, N.W., built in memory of Miss Edith Neville (1874-1951), who devoted her life to social service in the borough. She was one of the late Rev. Basil Jellicoe's closest collaborators in founding the St. Pancras Housing Society in 1924. The Society was a pioneer in the field of slum clearance and rehousing, and the new cottages stand opposite the first blocks of flats which it built. In this picture the Venerable J. H. L. Morrell is seen censing the houses before their formal opening by Miss I. N. Hill, a foundation member of the Housing Society.

THE A-BOMB COMES TO TOWN

The Effects of the Nuclear Explosion in Nevada Last Week on the Miniature Township Specially Built for the Test

On right—

ATOMIC FLASH—OBSERVERS 8,000 YARDS FROM THE DETONATION ARE CAUGHT IN THE LIGHT OF THE NUCLEAR DEVICE'S GLARE: Wearing thick, almost opaque goggles, the observers get their first indication that a nuclear device has been exploded. Despite the protection over their eyes the glare of the flash was still too powerful for many of the observers. After three seconds it was considered safe for them to remove their goggles and watch the great mushroom cloud make its rapid ascent into the skies. Next, the observers felt a tremendous rush of heat, rather as if they had suddenly put their faces too close to an oven. Then came the blast, a quaking of the ground beneath them, and, finally, the delayed roar of the explosion itself, which, at that distance, still sounded as if a field-gun had fired in their ear-drums.

CIVIL DEFENCE ON THE SPOT: Rehearsing rescue operations after an atomic attack, rescue workers are seen outside the two-storey brick house 4,700 ft. from the explosion. One of the two buildings in "Doomtown," which were completely destroyed by the blast.

ATOMIC FLASH SETS A WOODEN BUILDING ON FIRE: This picture of the bungalow in "Doomtown" shows the fire, which seemed to start inside the building, after exposure to the flash. The explosion's blast came later.

STILL UPRIGHT: This two-storey house 5,100 yards from the explosion lost its roof and had the windows blown out of the frames. But the walls of the building are still standing upright.

IN THE WAKE OF THE EXPLOSION: An aerial view of the two-storey brick house and the wooden bungalow which were completely destroyed by the blast. They were situated 4,700 ft. from the explosion. *On left*—A woman civil defence worker kneels beside the "bodies" of the mannequins inside one of the houses, which were to represent a family; they were all badly damaged. It is assumed, from the condition of the dummies in these buildings, that a family inside would have had little chance of survival, although some of the furniture remained intact.

THE QUEEN IN GLOUCESTER

A Royal Visit to Mark the 800th Anniversary of the Granting of the City's First Royal Charter

THE QUEEN ATTENDS A CIVIC LUNCHEON DURING HER ONE-DAY VISIT TO GLOUCESTER: She is seen receiving a gold paper-knife bearing the city arms, during the luncheon at the Guildhall. The visit to Gloucester by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh formed part of the city's celebrations in connection with the 800th anniversary of the granting of its first Royal Charter by Henry II. The Royal visitors flew to Moreton Valence, the airfield of the Gloster Aircraft Company, and were met by the Duke of Beaufort (the Lord Lieutenant and Lord High Steward of the city). One of their first engagements was to attend a rally of 12,000 schoolchildren. Subsequently they visited the works of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Company and the Shire Hall, where they met representatives of the county. At the Guildhall, before lunch, an address of welcome was read by the Recorder of Gloucester, Mr. Raglan Somerset. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke visited the cathedral, the Royal Hospital and the Technical College and College of Art.

LEAVING THE SHIRE HALL AFTER MEETING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COUNTY: The Queen walks down the stairs past a guard of honour mounted by the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. The Duke is in the background. When speaking in reply to the address of welcome read by the Recorder at the Guildhall, the Queen said that the name of Gloucester was given added lustre recently "by the courage of those members of my Services who carried it in the paths of duty in Korea, and I am indeed thankful so many of them were spared to receive in this city the expressions of pride and gratitude which it was your privilege and pleasure to give them."

WALKING THROUGH THE CITY: While the Queen leads the way and smiles in acknowledgment to the welcome of the crowds, the Duke of Beaufort turns to talk with the Duke of Edinburgh. Unfortunately bad weather interrupted some of the day's proceedings.

A HAPPY MOMENT: A bouquet for the Queen during her visit to the cathedral for the Service of Thanksgiving. On the left is the Dean, the Very Rev. S. J. A. Evans, and in the background is the Bishop.

NURSES PROVIDE A GUARD OF HONOUR: The Queen is accompanied by the Matron of the Gloucestershire Royal Hospital (Miss E. Fensome) during her visit. Presentations were made in the hospital's Board Room.

AROUND THE WORLD

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF NEWS EVENTS IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, AFRICA AND THE FAR EAST

SIAM'S PREMIER SHOWS HIS DELIGHT AS HE IS AWARDED AMERICA'S TOP DECORATION : Field-Marshal Pibulsonggram folds his hands and bows as he thanks President Eisenhower for the award of the Legion of Merit at a ceremony at the White House, in Washington. Looking on are Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Richard Nixon, the Vice-President. The Siamese Prime Minister, who was paying a goodwill visit to the United States, was accompanied by his wife and a staff of fifty. After being awarded the highest decoration which a foreigner can receive, the Field-Marshal cemented relations with the President by playing a round of golf with him. Field-Marshal Pibulsonggram is said to have slightly the better handicap, but no scores were revealed after the game.

On right—
THE SOVIET TANK MEMORIAL IS REMOVED FROM THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF BERLIN : United States Army pioneers operated two huge cranes to lift the Soviet tank from its marble pedestal on to the railway waggon on which it was to be conveyed to a new site in the Soviet sector of Berlin only a few hundred yards away. The tank, which is said to have been the first to enter Berlin in 1945, was erected as a memorial at the end of the war. In 1951 the memorial was defaced by anti-Communists, and in response to Soviet protests the American authorities placed a steel cage around it, but asked the Russians to remove what was generally considered to be an eyesore. After a year of talks, agreement on the removal was finally reached.

AN ORDERLY ARRIVAL IN FORMOSA : Admiral Arthur W. Radford, extreme left, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, stands in his allotted place as he salutes the guard of honour which greeted him on his arrival in Taipei. With him are, from left, Major-General Peng Meng-chi, the Chinese Nationalist Acting Chief of the General Staff; Mr. Karl L. Rankin, the American Ambassador in Formosa, and Mr. Walter S. Robertson, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, who accompanied Admiral Radford on the special mission to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. During their three-day talks on matters affecting the mutual security treaty with the United States, it was believed that they tried to persuade the Nationalists to give up Quemoy and Matsu islands.

A DEFENCE AGAINST MAU MAU—AND ELEPHANTS : Work in progress on the 28-mile ditch which is being dug in the Embu Reserve, in the south-east foothills of Mount Kenya. The ditch will not only stop terrorist cattle rustlers from moving stolen stock to their forest hide-outs, but will also prevent the traditional enemy, the elephant, from trampling on the crops of the Embu tribesmen. Women and children, as well as detainees under the Emergency Regulations, assist in the digging.

The new defence line is being dug close to the forest edge in the Embu Reserve, one of the most beautiful and luxuriant areas in Kenya. This is the home of the Embu tribe, which became contaminated by Mau Mau soon after the start of the Emergency, two-and-a-half years ago. With the Kikuyu and their Meru neighbours, the Embu were branded as Mau Mau sympathisers, but in recent months they have drifted away from terrorism in increasing numbers.

Mau Mau gangs in the Mount Kenya forests are finding it increasingly difficult to move stock from the reserves, and when the ditch is completed their main sources of supply will be cut completely. The staked and stockaded trench, 18 ft. wide and 7 ft. deep, will be a "Maginot Line in miniature."

A hundred yards of ground on each side of the ditch is to be cleared of bush and a chain of guard posts built. These, and posts overlooking the rivers which run down from the mountain, will be manned by the tribal police reserve. The rivers will be stockaded with trees bound together with barbed wire, and boobytraps will be laid in the bottom of the trench.

The entire work is being done by volunteers and detainees without additional cost to the Kenya Government. Work has now started on a trench in the Chuka division of the Meru Reserve, which will eventually connect the 28-mile fortification in Embu.

COLD SHOULDERS AND WARM WORDS AMONG FRANCE'S RADICALS : M. Pierre Mendès-France has a word in the ear of M. Edouard Herriot, the veteran President of the French Radical Party, at the extraordinary congress held in Paris last week. Taking no notice whatsoever is M. Martinaud-Deplat, who was strongly attacked by M. Mendès-France. The former French Premier made a fighting return to politics when he proposed and carried a motion that the present leaders of the Radical Party be suspended from office.

EVA PERON IS REMEMBERED AT A TIME OF CRISIS : The Argentine President, Colonel Juan Perón, is seen speaking at a ceremony in Buenos Aires at which he laid the foundation-stone of the monument to his wife, who died in July 1952. Eva Peron's remains will be permanently on view at the base of a 450-ft. marble tower, which is to be built in front of the Presidential Palace on the Avenida del Libertador San Martin. The ceremony took place at a time when the Argentine Government was promulgating a large number of decrees aimed at the authority of the Church. The Senate passed a bill to ban Roman Catholic Education in public schools, and the Peronista Party has called for Church disestablishment.

TRIPPIN[G] [DO]WN THE RED SQUARE PAST MARSHAL ZHUKOV : The girl gymnasts pass the sal[ut]ing base in the May Day parade in Moscow's Red Square. This was one of the few ite[ms] which were not cancelled this year because of heavy rain. The usual display of [mi]litary strength had preceded the gymnasts. The salute at the parade was this year tak[en] by Marshal Zhukov, the Defence Minister, and the proceedings were watched by all the So[viet] leaders, including Mr. Malenkov, now Minister for Power Stations, who was standing in a [sur]prisingly prominent position on the rostrum next to his brother-in-law, Mr. Khrushchev.

HEAVY RAIN DAMPENS MAY DAY ARDOUR IN TOKYO : From the speaker's rostrum is seen a sea of umbrellas during the May Day celebrations in Meiji Park, Tokyo. Crowds variously estimated at between 90,000 and 200,000 heard left-wing political leaders attack the Government, the nuclear explosions, and Japanese rearmament. Hundreds of police were on duty in the area, but the greater part of the direction of the crowd's assembly and dispersal was this year carried out, for the first time, by guards appointed by the organisers. It was said to be one of the quietest demonstrations on record : not a single arrest was made.

AN ATTEMPT TO SAIL TO HAWAII COMES TO A PRECIPITATE END WITHIN A DAY : The arrow points to De Vere Baker, skipper of the raft *Lehi II*, just before he became the last person to leave the boat in Monterey Bay, off California. The day before, the raft had headed for the open sea under the Golden Gate at San Francisco, *on left*. With four others on board Baker hoped to sail the raft 2,400 miles across the Pacific to Hawaii. But when they had sailed barely eighty miles the raft encountered heavy seas and began to break up. The U.S. Coastguard cutter *Active*, summoned to the scene by radio, took off the five men and brought them safely to Monterey. Last year Baker and another crew made a similarly unsuccessful attempt to sail to Hawaii in the first *Lehi*, which had to be abandoned when they were rescued.

SOVEREIGNTY FOR GERMANY

The Occupation Comes to an End, and Dr. Adenauer Represents a Free and Equal Partner of the West in Paris

Just ten years after the collapse of Hitler's Reich Germany has once more become a sovereign state. With the depositing of the instruments of ratification of the London and Paris Agreements in Bonn last week, the occupation of Western Germany came to an end, and the Federal Republic became a free and equal partner with the West. There were no official public celebrations of the occasion, for there is still a deep sense of disappointment prevalent in Western Germany that the country remains divided. However, the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, demonstrated Germany's new-found independence in an impressive manner by his appearance, on the following day, as his country's representative at the vital conferences being held in Paris. Not only did Germany share a table with the other Western Powers at the meeting of the Western European Union and of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, but Dr. Adenauer joined the Big Three in their deliberations on the best way to approach Russia for high level talks, and on the actual level on which these talks are to be held. Western Germany has thus, as it were, not only joined the class as a new boy, but has moved up to fourth place within a day.

TEN YEARS AFTER THE WAR GERMANY AGAIN BECOMES A SOVEREIGN STATE : Signing the depositing papers of the instruments of ratification of the London and Paris Agreements in Bonn. Round the table, from left, are Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, signing on behalf of Britain ; M. François-Poncet, for France ; Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Federal German Chancellor, and Dr. Hans Berger, who signed the papers on behalf of Germany.

AMBASSADORS NOW : The three Allied High Commissioners in Germany congratulate each other on their new appointments as Ambassadors to the West German Federal Republic. From left are M. François-Poncet ; Dr. J. B. Conant ; and Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar.

BRITAIN'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY SINCE 1939 : Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar shakes hands with President Theodor Heuss, when he presented his credentials as Ambassador in Bonn. In the centre is Herr Hallstein.

DR. ADENAUER JOINS THE CONFERENCE TABLES OF THE WEST : The Federal German Chancellor is seen in happy mood at the meeting of the Western European Union in Paris at the week-end. Extreme right is Herr Hallstein, and at left is part of the French delegation, M. Pinay, the French Foreign Minister, and M. Massigli, now head of the French Foreign Office. *On left*—Dr. Adenauer joins the Big Three. He is seen with Herr Hallstein and M. Pinay as Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan shake hands before they begin their Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris. Dr. Adenauer took part in the discussions on possible top-level talks with the Soviet Union.

FREEING AUSTRIA

A Good Start to the Vienna Conference

The opening of the talks in Vienna between the Ambassadors and the Austrian Government over the State Treaty was a landmark in post-war Austrian history. For the first time in ten years the red-white-red flag of Austria flew with the flags of the Occupying Powers over the meeting-place for the Conference, the Austrian House of Industry. The Treaty itself, which is to end the Allied Occupation of Austria, is not new. It had been drafted for some years but, until the recent change of face on the part of Moscow, had been held up by the Soviet Union. Therefore, the delegations were already familiar with its terms. The task of the Ambassadors and the Austrian representatives was to go over and draw up the final draft for ceremonial signature by the Foreign Ministers of the nations concerned.

It was anticipated that there might be difficulties. But, on the first days, proceedings went very smoothly and much progress was reported. Dr. Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister, described it as "positive work." The agenda required the drawing up of two other documents, as well as the Treaty. These are the Declaration of Neutrality by Austria and the Guarantee of Austrian Neutrality by the Four Powers. Optimism also prevailed about the drafting of these essential Declarations.

THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE ON THE AUSTRIAN TREATY: The five Powers concerned are seated pentagonally in the Austrian House of Industry in Vienna. At the base, centre background, is the American delegation. Then, clockwise, at their tables are the representatives of France, Great Britain, Russia and Austria.

On left—

IS IT THE LAST CHANGING OF THE GUARD? Russian troops march through the streets of Vienna for the monthly changing of the guard between the Occupying Forces. The Viennese hope that, as a result of the Treaty talks, this may have been the last of these military ceremonials.

THE CHIEF DELEGATES AT THE TREATY TALKS: From the left are—Mr. Ivan Ilyichev, Soviet Ambassador to Austria; Dr. Leopold Figl, Foreign Minister of Austria; Mr. Llewellyn E. Thompson, United States Ambassador; Sir Geoffrey Wallinger, United Kingdom Ambassador; and M. Lalouette, French Ambassador.

THE AMERICANS ON PARADE: They have marched to the Helden-Platz for the changing of the guard. In the background above a door of the Hofburg the heads of Stalin and Lenin look on.

THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT: Members stand before a special session to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the present Constitution. In the centre is the President of Austria, Dr. Theodor Körner. He is facing the Chancellor, Dr. Raab, and his Cabinet in the front row on the rostrum.

SAIGON BURNS—THE PALL OF SMOKE WHICH HIDES THE FIERCE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN VIET NAM'S CAPITAL: From a roof-top in Saigon is seen the smoke rising from the burning buildings in the Boulevard Gallieni. This was the area in which the Government police set up their new headquarters after Premier Ngo Dinh Diem had dismissed his police chief, who had been a rebel Binh Xuyen supporter. The Binh Xuyen also held positions in the Boulevard, for it led to their headquarters.

AFTER THE BATTLE HAD PASSED BY: The flames in the Boulevard Gallieni flicker to an end, leaving ashes and rubble on the battlefield. The Government forces drove rebel Binh Xuyen out of the Boulevard area.

THE BATTLE FOR SAIGON

The Fighting in the Boulevard Gallieni, in Viet Nam's Capital, in which the Political Life of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem was at Stake

The fighting which has been going on with more or less intensity in and around Saigon over the past fortnight may well prove to have been decisive in settling the future of Viet Nam. When Premier Ngo Dinh Diem dismissed his Binh Xuyen police chief, the rebel leaders accepted the challenge. The Prime Minister, however, had on his side elements of the private armies of the religious sects apart from his own Viet Nam national army, so that Government forces were able to defeat the army of the Binh Xuyen racketeers during the bloody battles around the Boulevard Gallieni. While the Binh Xuyen withdrew, the real battle for power in Viet Nam continued. Bao Dai, the fabulously wealthy Head of State, who had been conducting affairs from Nice, and who has the backing not only of the French but of Britain's Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, stepped into the picture with his telegrams. He ordered Mr. Diem to surrender his power to an opponent of the Prime Minister, and told him to report to him in France. Mr. Diem not unnaturally refused to comply with this order, and secured sufficient support for himself in Saigon to tell Bao Dai that he was considering a proposal to depose the Head of State. Mr. Diem has the support of the United States, though General Collins is reported to have spoken unfavourably in Washington of his ability to maintain efficient Government. The French, who still have 100,000 troops in Viet Nam, support Bao Dai and, to the extent of opposing Mr. Diem, the Binh Xuyen. There was therefore more at stake in the fighting than temporary local power.

FOUR BATTALIONS OF PARATROOPS ARE CALLED IN BY THE GOVERNMENT TO FIGHT THE REBEL FORCES: Two pictures of the Government troops in action in the Boulevard Gallieni. When the Binh Xuyen accepted the challenge of Mr. Diem, the Prime Minister called three battalions of paratroops into action. The next day he threw another battalion, supported by armour, into the battle, and after thirty-six hours' bitter fighting, the Binh Xuyen were in retreat beyond the Arroyo Chinois Canal near by.

MEDICAL ATTENTION ON THE SPOT : Orderlies are seen attending to a wounded Viet Namese soldier on the Boulevard. Some 500 people are reported to have been killed in the battle.

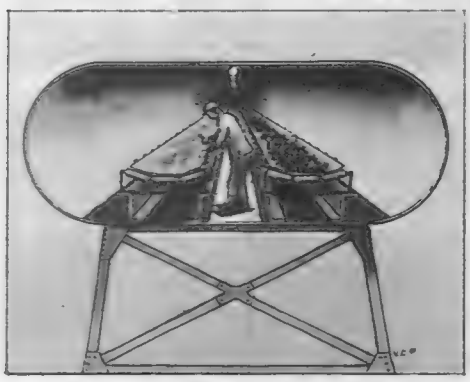
THE MORTAR BOMBS DO THEIR WORK : Burning buildings in the centre of Saigon, away from the actual scene of the fighting, after mortar bombs had been fired by the Binh Xuyen forces.

A HASTY EVACUATION : Civilians carrying their children as best they can, and with only a few possessions, are seen dashing from their homes as the battle drew near. In the background soldiers can be seen setting up a defensive position.

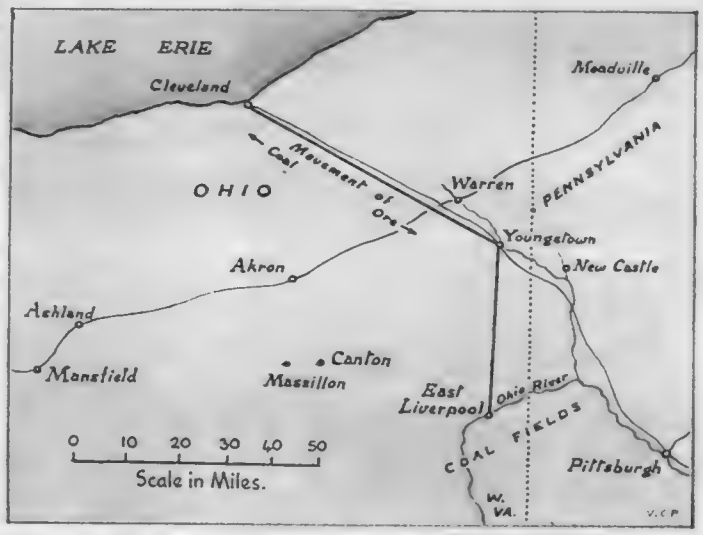
CIVILIANS CAUGHT BY THE BATTLE : While soldiers crouch cautiously behind the shelter of the trees in the Boulevard Gallieni, two civilians find themselves stranded on the battlefield. While a man makes a dash for cover, the woman (extreme left) takes her life into her hands as she tries to cross the unprotected road.

CAUGHT UP IN THE TOILS OF POLITICAL INTRIGUE—THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE BLOODY CIVIL WAR : Carrying what possessions they could rescue from their burning homes, from modest little baskets to sewing machines (right), these refugees seek safety from the shells and bullets in the Boulevard Gallieni. The civilians are said to know little of the political events which have embroiled them in civil war, and apart from a general dislike of the French, have little taste for Viet Nam politics.

CONTROLLING THE LONG-DISTANCE CONVEYOR-BELT : The operator sits in a control booth on the projected 103-mile-long Lake Erie to Ohio River overland conveyor-belt. There would be five such booths over the stretch of the "Rubber Railroad" for regulating the flow of the two belts—one carrying coal and the other ore. This, and the other drawings on these pages, are the artist's impressions of what may be seen if an ambitious transport project is passed by the Ohio Legislature.



INSIDE THE GIANT CONVEYOR : It is enclosed in a steel casing. This makes all-the-year-round operation of the two belts possible.



CLEVELAND TO THE OHIO RIVER : The map shows the projected route. Coal will be brought to Cleveland from the mines in the south. Ore will be taken to the steel mills of Youngstown and beyond.

A TRANSFER POINT : The artist shows a cross-section of the conveyor-belt plan at one of the points where the coal and steel are transferred from one section of their respective belts to another. The conveyor will consist of some 35,000 tons of rubber belting enclosed in the steel gallery, which is itself made up of 270,000 tons of steel.

HOW THE GIANT PIPELINE FOR COAL AND ORE MIGHT high enough for the largest vehicle to pass comfortably Lines Inc., who are proposing the construction of

PROJECT FOR A GIANT PIPELINE

A Proposal for a Conveyor-belt Stretching 103 Miles Through Ohio to Carry Coal and Ore

DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

Pipelines are a recognised form of modern transport. For instance, there is the famous oil pipeline in the Middle East. Another now-historic engineering marvel was the wartime P.L.U.T.O., the Pipe-Line-Under-The-Ocean, which carried petrol from Britain to Western Europe for the Allied Armies during their advance of 1944 and 1945.

In such constructions the saving in labour and in the more conventional methods of transport needs no emphasis. Now, from the United States of America, comes news of a most ambitious scheme. This is nothing less than a long-distance overhead pipeline, a giant conveyor-belt, planned to run for 103 miles through a steel casing. Its planners propose that it should be built through the State of Ohio, from Cleveland, on Lake Erie, southwards to Youngstown, and on to East Liverpool, on the Ohio River.

The intention is that it should carry coal in one direction—from East Liverpool to Cleveland. In the other direction it would transport ore from Cleveland to the steel mills of Youngstown and beyond. The Riverlake Belt Conveyor Lines Inc., which is sponsoring the construction, estimate the cost at £103,000,000.

Work cannot begin until the project is approved by the Ohio State Legislature. The supporters of the conveyor-belt declare that it could carry 30,000,000 tons of ore a year, and a similar quantity of coal. They produce figures to show that the saving in transport expenses to Ohio industry would be around £16,000,000 annually, and that the trade of the State, in general, would receive great encouragement and stimulus. But, according to some reports, there is opposition to the scheme from certain railway interests.

Therefore, until the political question is settled, the project must remain embryonic. But its imaginative conception will be of interest to engineers everywhere. A mass of facts, figures, statistics, blue-prints, diagrams and pictures of models has been put out by the Riverlake Belt Conveyor Lines Inc. From them THE SPHERE has invited its artist to draw his impressions—seen on these pages—of how this grandly conceived feat of engineering may look if, and when, it is completed.

The idea was originally announced in 1949. The Ohio area was chosen because, it was claimed, it was the only district in America where there is sufficient volume of bulk materials moving in both directions to warrant such an extensive two-way conveyor-belt.

The working principle is simple. The two belts for coal and ore will move in different directions at a speed of 600 ft. per minute. Power will be supplied by electricity. The plant needed to provide this must have the same capacity as one generating power for an industrial and residential city of 300,000 inhabitants

LOOK ON COMPLETION: This is the view motorists may one day see on a road through the country to the south of Lake Erie. The conveyor-belt on its steel supports will be under it. On the left of the road is a control booth. This impression has been drawn from small-scale models and plans made for the Riverlake Belt Conveyor he project. According to its planners, the conveyor could carry up to 60,000,000 tons of ore and coal a year and save £16,000,000 in annual freight charges.

The belts will run through a high steel casing, which will make operations possible in all weathers. This vast pipeline will stand on steel supports at least 20 ft. above the ground, thus, when it crosses roads, leaving ample clearance for heavy vehicles.

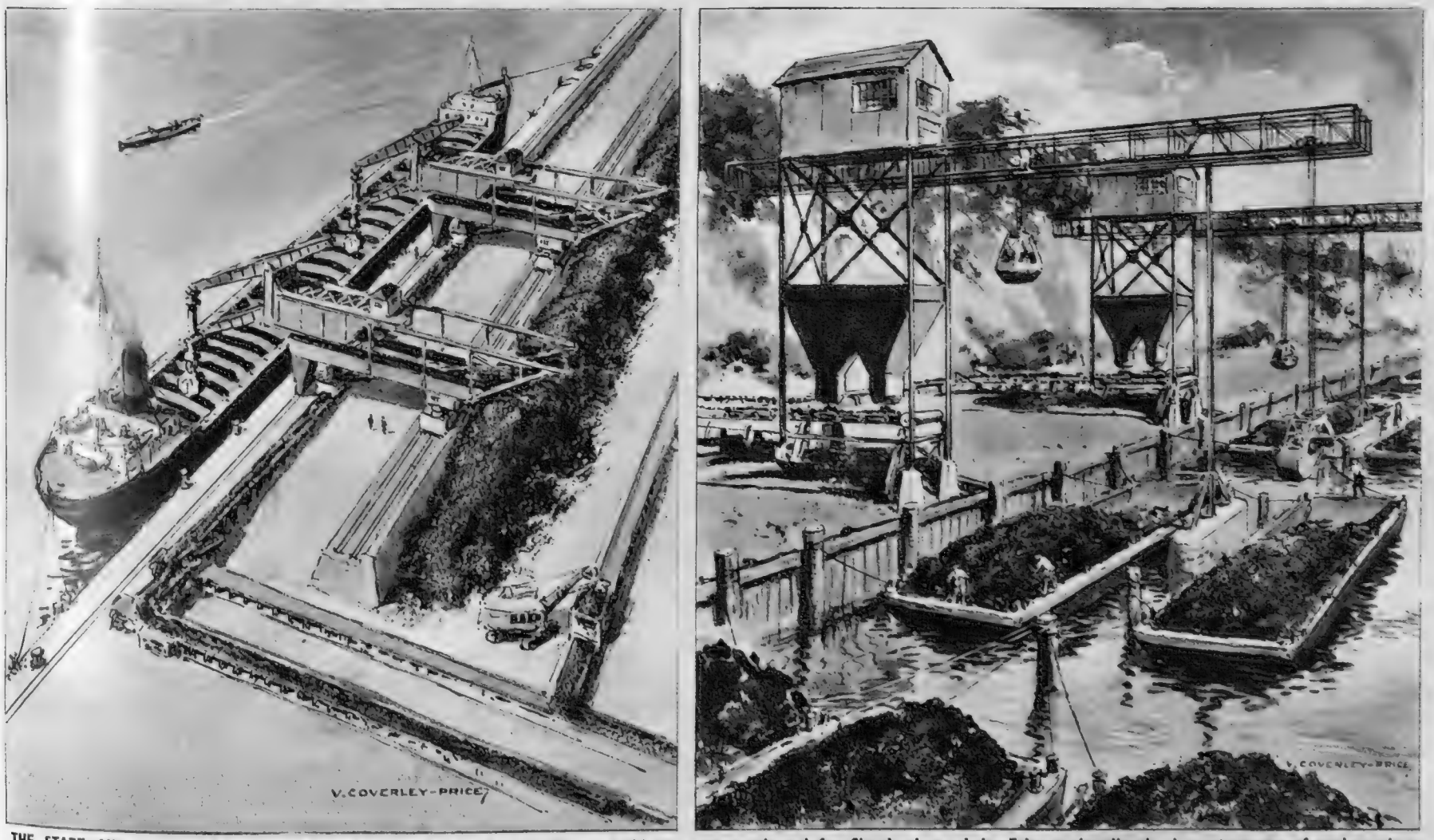
At five points over the whole line there will be control booths or boxes, in which operators can control the "flow" of the belt. At the terminals—in the Port of Cleveland and in East Liverpool on the Ohio River—and in Youngstown, vast new loading and unloading constructions are envisaged. The belt itself will be made of rubber, so the project has already been dubbed "the Rubber Railroad." It is calculated that this belting would stretch for 440 miles. It will be composed of 21,15[illegible] tons of rubber and 13,601 tons of fabric. This, say the Riverlake statisticians, would be enough to make nearly 4,000,000 motor-tyres, and the rubber fabric would provide every man, woman and child in Ohio's population of 7,000,000 with soles and heels for four pairs of shoes each.

But rubber is only one of the multitude of materials required in gargantuan masses. The steel needed—267,262 tons—would erect five of New York's Empire State Buildings. This includes 206,000 tons of structural steel and 25,000 tons of reinforcing steel.

Among other statistics of materials needed are: 52,415 gallons of paint, 11,616 light fixtures, 210,664 tons of sand, 475 miles of tubing, 2,011 tons of transformers, 2,838,590 roller bearings, 250 tons of lubricants, 4,970 tons of motors and reducers, 110,249 tons of cement, 421,328 tons of stone and 2,300 miles of wire.

Added to all this are enormous additional tonnages necessary for the new equipment at the Lake Erie and Ohio River terminals, such as unloaders and power shovels, and also such items as heating and ventilating equipment, water lines and pumps, fire-protection devices, administrative and office materials and supplies.

No one can deny the thoroughness and care of the preparations of those who plan the Riverlake Conveyor Belt. At least fourteen major American companies are concerned with the engineering blue-prints. The Riverlake Belt Conveyor Lines Inc. itself is incorporated under the laws of Ohio. Its President conceived the gigantic idea of the conveyor as an adjunct to railroad operations and as the most modern and efficient method of handling bulk cargoes in the vast volume required by the steel mills in America's "Ruhr." It is an enterprise of courage and vision which, if put into practice, should certainly work to the advantage of the community of Ohio.



THE START AND FINISH OF THE 103-MILE-RUN: *Left*—New dock facilities of this type are envisaged for Cleveland, on Lake Erie, to handle the huge tonnages of coal coming up and ore going down. *Right*—At the other end of the conveyor, on the Ohio River at East Liverpool, coal might be loaded on to the belt by these rapid mechanical methods. It is estimated that some million tons of raw and fabricated materials will be needed, and the total cost of the project will probably be £103,000,000.

REBUILDING KIRKENES

An Industrial Town in the Far North of Norway is Rapidly Recovering from Desolation Caused in the War

ONE OF THE FEW HOUSES IN KIRKENES, NORWAY, WHICH SURVIVED THE GERMAN OCCUPATION: The house on the right escaped the scorched earth policy of the occupying Germans in 1944. The roof of this house is covered with growing grass.

KIRKENES, ONE OF THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWNS IN EUROPE: This picture, taken from the top of the German citadel which dominated the town during the war, shows the nucleus of the new community.

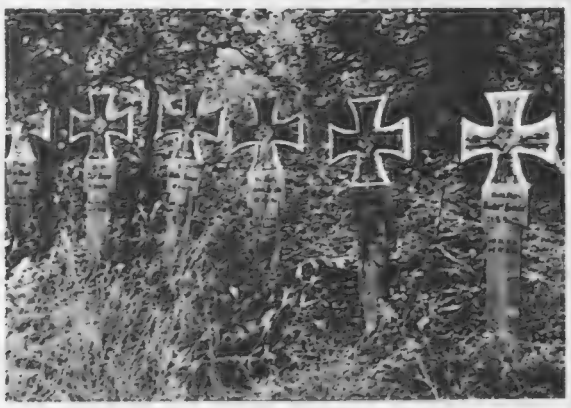
Fifty years ago Kirkenes, situated on the north-east corner of the Scandinavian peninsula, was a village comprising half-a-dozen or so scattered cottages and a church. 1905, however, proved to be an important date in the community's history. That year deposits of iron-ore were discovered near by. Prospectors and engineers made their way to the isolated spot and within five years the ore deposits were being worked and the yield was found to be good. From that time the village began to expand steadily. Between 500,000 and 600,000 tons of ore were mined yearly, and each year more houses were added to the town. An electric railway and a port were then built to facilitate the handling of the ore, and by 1939 Kirkenes was a thriving industrial town, with some 4,000 inhabitants. The ore mined there was of good quality and, unlike the harbours for the Swedish mines in Lapland, the port at Kirkenes did not freeze up during winter months.

Then came the war and in the spring of 1940 the German Army of Occupation marched into Kirkenes. The Germans were not slow to realise the asset they held in the town. Not only did it supply them with a valuable raw material, but the harbour provided an excellent forward base from which to attack the Allied Arctic convoys circling the North of Europe on their way to Murmansk and Archangel.

In 1944, the Germans were chased out of the country by Russian troops, and an area of Norway as large as Denmark was burnt to the ground. Kirkenes was among the many places gutted, and only two or three houses remained in a usable state. To-day, however, the town is once more growing, and is already as large as before the war. There is just one great difference from the pre-war town. Instead of Finland lying the other side of the boundary, the U.S.S.R. is now the town's immediate neighbour, and among the inhabitants of Kirkenes are the Norwegian soldiers who man the frontier posts.

On left—

GERMAN BUNKERS HAVE PROVIDED FOUNDATIONS FOR MANY OF THE NEW HOUSES: This building, which is being used as a radio station, is built on top of fortifications which escaped the Nazi scorched earth policy.



RELICS OF A PAST WAR AND A SIGN OF THE UNEASY PEACE: *Above* are the graves of German soldiers killed during the war. *Below*—The barbed-wire barrier which divides Norway from Soviet Russia.

MODERN BUILDINGS ARE SPRINGING UP IN THE TOWN CENTRE: This picture illustrates the marked contrast with the gutted ruins left by the Germans in 1944. The buses seen here run 1,200 miles along the Scandinavian west coast of Trondheim and provide Kirkenes with a valuable link with more populated areas.

DRIFTING TO THE NORTH POLE

Soviet Scientists Move Through the Arctic on Their Station Established on an Ice-floe

On left—

NEAR A SOVIET POLAR RESEARCH STATION : An aeroplane comes down to land on the Arctic ice near North Pole Station No. 4, the drifting ice-floe on which Soviet scientists have been making observations for thirteen months. North Pole No. 4 has followed a course between longitudes 170° and 180°, far to the north of Wrangel Island and East Siberia.

SUPPLIES FOR THE POLAR SCIENTISTS : North Pole Station No. 4 is regularly provided with stores and equipment by aircraft. Tractors are used in the unloading operations. Drifting at an average speed of over four miles a day, the floe has covered to date a route of more than 1,500 miles.

DOGS ARE WITH THE PARTY : N. Makarov, a helicopter pilot who has just arrived, makes friends with one of the huskies. Recently the station's personnel was replaced by a new group of experts.

On left—

AT THE DRILLING MACHINE: A. Shutyaev, the mechanic of North Pole 4 (right), shows its operation to his successor, M. Kislitsyn.

On right—

ENTERTAINMENT NEAR THE POLE : N. Nelina, of the U.S.S.R. Bolshoi Theatre, sings for the Arctic researchers. The occasion was a visit to North Pole 4 by a party of singers and musicians of the Central Arts Club.

THE DRIFTING CAMP OF THE ARCTIC SCIENTISTS : The members of the North Pole No. 4 are housed comfortably on the ice-floe in huts and tents. In thirteen months much valuable scientific information has been collected on ice conditions, aerology and meteorology. Another Soviet drifting station, North Pole No. 3, was reported to have passed over the Pole itself earlier this year.

The North Pole is the centre of an ocean. (This is in contradistinction to the South Pole, which is in the middle of a continent.) It is, therefore, not surprising that the Arctic should be the scene of much marine activity. Among the most fascinating of current operations near the Pole is the research being carried out on drifting ice-floes by the parties of Soviet scientists. Each group is well-equipped with scientific instruments, and comfortably housed. Supplies are brought in by air. Until recently the two expeditions moving in different areas through the sea of the Far North were North Pole Station No. 3 and North Pole Station No. 4. Earlier this year No. 3 actually drifted over the North Pole. Now No. 3 is being disbanded, and a new party established on a new ice-floe. This is North Pole Station No. 5. On this page are pictures of the Soviet North Pole Station No. 4. Its achievements may not be so spectacular as those of No. 3, but they are no less considerable. North Pole 4 set out thirteen months ago from a point well to the north of Eastern Siberia, above Wrangel Island. The floe has now travelled at an average of over four miles a day some 1,500 miles northwards, its latest position being given as 80° 26′ N. 173° 20′ W. The original personnel of the expedition were replaced a few weeks ago by a new group of scientists and experts.

The Soviet authorities are giving great publicity to their drifting scientists. Theatrical and musical troupes have been flown up to entertain them. Reports from North Pole 4 tell of a great accumulation of data on the science of ice conditions, on information of the ocean bed, on aerology and meteorology. It is impossible to say how far this knowledge will be of strategic value. But there is no doubt that from the point of view of possible global warfare, the Arctic regions could be of the most vital importance.

THE INDOLENT WALRUSES TAKE THEIR REST ON A CANADIAN ICE-FLOE: A herd of walruses lounging on the ice off Canada's Eastern Arctic. Herds of 100 or more are not uncommon, but indiscriminate hunting has drastically reduced their numbers, and they are likely to continue to diminish as civilisation advances northwards towards the Arctic regions. The walrus's laziness is his own worst enemy, for it makes him an easy target for the native hunters who look to him to provide their food.

THE WALRUS AND THE ESKIMO

The International Union for the Preservation of Nature has Set up a Committee to Consider the Limitation of Hunting of the Walrus, an Animal Indispensable to Eskimo Economics

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH, with Photographs by G. H. ROUSSELIERE

NATURALISTS are discussing the preservation of a polar animal, the numbers of which have been greatly reduced through over-hunting: the walrus, a lumbering great animal weighing anything up to 3,000 lb.

Though when in anger he can be a dangerous adversary, the walrus is not without the clown-like qualities revealed in *Alice in Wonderland*, especially when he is lounging on floe-ice, belching through drooping moustaches and exposing to the polar sun a red belly full of bivalves, his flippers in the air like some grotesque child.

The bulky indolence of the walrus makes him an easy quarry. At one time this slug-like creature, with an unrivalled grace in the water, was known in Europe; in fact, his name derives from a Lapp word brought across the North Sea by the early whalermen. Three hundred years ago they bred in great numbers off Nova Scotia, and walruses were also found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in Iceland-Greenland waters. To-day, they are seldom found in these or in Canadian waters south of Hudson Strait.

SECURING A WALRUS BY HARPOON: In some parts of the Arctic the hunter is required by law to harpoon his quarry before shooting. This prevents the indiscriminate killing of walruses.

BRINGING IN THE BAG: Eskimos use block and tackle to haul the carcase of a comparatively small bull from the water. The natives then dismember the animal in their own intricate and traditional manner.

Not very many years ago herds of 200 or more animals lounged among the ice-floes drifting down the west coast of Greenland between Egedesminde and Holsteinborg, a favourite hunting-ground of the Vikings 1,000 years ago. Again, walruses are to-day seldom seen in any number south of Melville Bay, some 550 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

This retreat northwards of the North Atlantic walrus is not due entirely to changing weather conditions in the Northern Hemisphere—the same "warming-up" that has caused cod and shrimp to enter "Arctic waters," and the seal to retreat northwards. The main reason is over-hunting.

The much larger "Pacific walrus" has also been greatly reduced. Lester Minner, for twenty years a schoolmaster in Alaska, has recorded an elderly Eskimo at Wainwright as saying that when he was a boy it was not uncommon for one herd to take two hours to pass a given point. And Minner adds: "To-day Wainwright hunters get the walruses they need to eat and live only at the risk of travelling long distances across open seas to the far outer ice-floes."

It is true that sizeable areas of ice in Alaskan-Siberian waters can be "black with walruses packed like outsize sardines—walruses mating, belching, lying in the water, with short, sharp tusks hooked into the edge of the floes; walruses swimming and diving as much as 200 ft.—straight down—to the clam beds; hundreds of them."

It is also true that the herd on Walrus Island, in Canada's Eastern Arctic waters, was estimated at between 5,000 and 10,000 animals by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrol that visited this desolate island in October 1952. The patrol-leader described the island as "completely covered with walruses." But it cannot be over-emphasised that the slaughter has been such that walruses have been exterminated in seas where once they were numerous.

The huge creature is comparatively easy to hunt, apart from the risks normal to sailing in areas of sea-ice. Using whalers (with or without out-board engines) or *umiaks* (skin boats), the hunters head for areas where the animals are normally to be found, for example, where there are beds of bivalves. On hearing the garrulous roaring of the quarry, or spotting an animal or herd on the ice, they switch off the engine and move carefully within range. Under Danish Law, the hunter must harpoon his target *before* shooting it, which prevents loss through wounding and escape. But the normal "drill" is to let fly into a herd with rifles. The result is inevitable: more animals may be mortally wounded and lost than killed.

The walrus is essential to Eskimo economics, providing meat for men and dogs, hide to make boats from which to hunt more walruses, blubber for cooking and heating, ivory for implements and trade, whips, etc. But the Eskimo is an irresponsible character, his philosophy being "sufficient unto the day—and perhaps more than sufficient"; and since he exchanged harpoon for rifle, the slaughter has been without thought for the future.

The Canadian Government is aware of the need to safeguard this animal, if for no other reason than because of its importance to Eskimo well-being. Thus, it has placed walrus-hunting in Canada's Eastern Arctic under stringent control. Eskimos with dependents are allowed to take a maximum of only seven animals a year and bachelor hunters only four. The walruses of Salisbury, Nottingham and Walrus Islands may be hunted only under supervision of the R.C.M.P. All walruses taken must be reported to the authorities, and all except native hunters need permits to kill them.

The Danish Government, too, is aware of the need for conservation in Greenland waters. Close seasons have been introduced, and protected areas established, where walruses may be hunted only by Eskimos and Greenlanders (people of Eskimo-Danish stock), and then only to a limited extent, except in the far north-west of Arctic Greenland, where the natives rely very largely on walruses for the necessities of life.

CHILDREN ASSIST IN THE TASK OF DISMEMBERING AND BURYING: When the load of meat or blubber, tusks or skin, is too great to be carried in the hunter's whaler, the carcases are buried in ice or shingle to be picked up at a later date.

Some conservationists, however, consider that stricter measures are necessary to safeguard the walrus from further reductions, especially in view of the northward movement of civilisation since the war—the construction of meteorological and radar stations and airstrips in the polar desolation, their penetration by big-game hunters, geological survey parties, engineers, and miners. This northward movement is certain to gain momentum in the future. Whether strict conservation regulations can actually be enforced is another matter.

Above and *on left*—REST AND SLEEP: The old walrus, his skin red and bare, loves nothing so much as to hook his tusks into the ice of a floe, with his head and shoulders exposed to the northern sun and his cumbersome body cool in the Arctic waters. The walrus found off the coasts of Alaska and Siberia weighs up to 3,000 lb. The animals found off the coasts of Greenland and Canada are rather smaller.

AT THE END OF A DAY'S HUNTING: A hunting crew rest a short while before returning to their base camp on shore. Their sailing-boat has been hauled on to the ice for safety.

CARVING UP THE BULKY ANIMAL: Despite the fact that its skin is 1½ ins. thick, the belly of the walrus can be cut open with one incision. A cross-cutting loosens the large pieces of skin and flesh, which are then easily peeled off. Afterwards the entrails are made into braids of sausage-meat before storing them.

CANALS: YET ANOTHER PROBLEM

With the Proposed Abandonment of Many Canals, a Considerable Part of English Coarse Fishing is Threatened. The Future of Myxomatosis

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IT does not matter that days are longer and warmer, that birds sing and flowers bloom, for many thousands of Englishmen the period from the middle of March to the middle of June is the longest and dullest three months in all the year. And for many thousands of English wives it is, I suspect, the most trying three months in all the year. The period from March 14 to June 16 is—need I add ?—the close season for coarse fish. Men accustomed to spend every week-end silent upon river bank, canal bank, or pondside must now spend week-ends at home and engage in idle chatter and domestic chores: wives accustomed to peaceful week-ends must now put up with frustrated menfolk.

And this year the burden on the coarse fisherman—and, therefore, indirectly upon his wife—is heavier than usual. For now he is filled with foreboding: a considerable part of English coarse fishing is threatened. The Transport Commission has put forward explicit proposals for the abandonment of the English canals. It will be a gradual process, of course: but the Commission's plans for next year envisage the abandonment of some 800 miles of canal, which is no inconsiderable start.

This proposal has, as readers of THE SPHERE will know, aroused a storm of protest. The Inland Waterways Association has fought nobly for the canals for some years past, and with quite remarkably little public support. Now, the National Association of Parish Councils and the coarse fishing community—the latter a little late in the day—have also been roused. There have been protest meetings of fishermen up and down the country, and petition forms have gone out to every angling club in the land. The detached observer may be forgiven a little cynicism. The coarse fishing fraternity has for years past complained of the disturbance caused by barges and narrow boats.

Now, suddenly, it is realised that if the barges and the narrow boats disappear, the fishing will also disappear. Now, suddenly, it is realised that, but for the barges and the narrow boats, the canals and the fishing would have gone long ago. Now, suddenly, we find the Angling Press filled with references, all in terms of the highest praise, to the Inland Waterways Association. Now, suddenly, we find Angling Clubs urged to become members of that Association. It would be amusing if it were not tragic.

If this sort of support had been given to the Inland Waterways Association from the beginning, it is conceivable that the present situation would never have arisen. Whether it is now too late remains to be seen. Bureaucracy with the bit between its teeth has never been amenable to argument. Governments are rarely amenable to argument, but (as has been demonstrated many times in recent months) they are exceedingly sensitive to pressure. There are some 5,000 parish councils represented by the National Association of Parish Councils: there are, probably, at least 2,000,000 coarse fishermen.

A THREATENED CANAL: A stretch of the Oxford Canal (southern section) which will be abandoned if the Report of the Board of Survey on Canals and Inland Waterways is approved. The reason for the proposed abandonment is to reduce financial loss. Leading the campaign against this mass closure is the Inland Waterways Association.

For many years past the railways have been publicising the idea that the canals are completely out of date. It is not true. It is a relic of the days of private enterprise, when the canals were very serious competitors of the railways. In those days, the railways, whenever possible, bought up the canals in order to get rid of competitors, who were dangerous to them because, for certain types of loads, they were more efficient and infinitely cheaper. A great deal of very misleading propaganda was poured out in support of this policy.

To-day, the railways and the canals are nationalised, and are under the same management—though "management" would seem to be too strong a word to use in this connection—but, for some reason the same policy is being pursued. One would, surely, have expected that with public ownership the great virtues of the canals as a means of transport for the benefit of the nation would have been realised and exploited to the full. For these virtues still exist and, indeed, have been enhanced by post-war trends.

Transport by canal is cheap. Far bigger loads can be carried by water, and at much less cost, than can be carried by road. It has been established, beyond all argument, that coal, for example, could be delivered to a generating station for many shillings a ton less than it can be by road. And that, though it is obviously a very important economic consideration, is not the only one. The heavy lorry, much more expensive to run and carrying a much smaller load, adds to the wear on roads already over-burdened and slows up all other traffic.

It is often said transport by inland waterway is too slow for modern conditions, and especially when compared with transport by rail. It has been worked out that transport of goods by rail averages under three miles an hour. Canal transport is certainly not slower than that. Moreover, it would be very much cheaper to maintain the canals, once in full use, than to maintain the same length of railway.

But it would, of course, require knowledge. The Transport Commission has shown no outstanding competence in the management of our railways. The management of our canal system is, as events have proved, quite beyond them. There is not even the rudiments of knowledge. The Inland Waterways Association has the necessary knowledge in abundance, and is convinced that, if the canals were to be used for pleasure as well as for transport, they could be made to pay. They would like to see an Inland Waterways Commission, quite distinct from the Transport Commission—and that would, indeed, be essential—set up to take over all existing canals and run them as a unified system. This does seem to be the only solution, but the detached observer must admit, however, that it is very unlikely to happen.

What happens when a canal is abandoned ? Why should the fishermen be worried ? They have complained frequently enough of the disturbance to their sport caused by the barges and the narrow boats. Surely, without the disturbance of passing traffic, the fishing should improve ?

The fishing will improve to begin with. There can be no doubt about that. The weeds will increase and, as they increase, they will harbour more food for the fish. In consequence, the fish will also increase—in numbers and in size. There will, for a short time, be fishing such as one only dreams of. But only for a short time: the weeds will continue to increase, and they will do so much more quickly than the fish. Weeds continue to grow almost throughout the year, and, as they thicken, they gather around them mud and silt. This does not mean more and more food for the fish: it means less and less water, and, therefore, fewer and fewer fish.

Nor is this the end of the story. The banks decay from lack of attention, and the water seeps through them. This, and the silting up of the bed, means that water disappears from seepage and evaporation very much quicker than the rains can replenish it, even in a climate like ours. In a comparatively short time, the bed of the canal fills (not only with silt, but also, in stretches near towns and villages, with refuse) and dries up. When this has happened, when the canal is altogether dry, things are not so bad.

But while it is happening long stretches of the countryside become eyesores, and, not infrequently, stinking eyesores. Go and look at the Nottingham and Grantham Canal, or the Pocklington Canal, both still fishable in places, but both examples of the silting-up process in full swing. Both were once delights to the eye. There are many similar examples up and down the country.

It may be said—and I feel sure that it has been—that if men want to fish canals, then they should keep them open. It seems a reasonable enough argument at first sight. In fact, it is an argument that could only spring from abysmal ignorance. Almost all the members of angling clubs that fish canal waters are working men—artisans and labourers—and they simply have not the time. They fish as a relaxation, and it is a relaxation that makes them the better workmen. They could not clear the weeds and do the dredging, and fish. In other words, they could not clear the weeds and work.

Moreover, this sort of weed clearance is not a manual job. It requires mechanical equipment far too expensive for the average angling club using canal water to afford. In any case, the subscriptions to angling clubs seem likely to go up considerably in the near future, now that the assessment of fishing rights for rating purposes has passed from the local councils to the Inland Revenue Valuation Office. It is, indeed, a grim outlook for the coarse fisherman.

It is not only the future of the canals that is exercising the minds of countrymen this spring. Myxomatosis continues to be a prime topic of conversation and controversy, since most of the problems set by the disease and a rabbit-free countryside are now evident even to the least observant.

I think that, broadly speaking, it would be true to say that farmers, and all those countrymen who have not a vested interest in some particular sport, welcome myxomatosis and the destruction of the rabbit, while the vast majority of townsmen (who have, of course, never suffered from the rabbit) regard it with horror. It is amongst the townspeople that the tales of all the animals (including dogs and cats) reported to have died of the disease have gained credence. In fact, as the second report of the Myxomatosis Advisory Committee shows clearly, in no case investigated has there been found the slightest evidence to justify the suspicion. Myxomatosis is a rabbit disease.

It was suggested in THE SPHERE a year ago that Masters of Foxhounds were about to be presented with some headaches. And this, judging by the reactions of the British Field Sports Society, has certainly proved to be the case. A great number of foxes have been shot, and this does not, of course, please foxhunters. There can be no doubt that foxes have done a lot of damage, but it is probably true that not all have been shot *after* the damage. Myxomatosis has provided a good excuse for getting rid of an animal that, if truth be said, comparatively few farmers and shooting men really like. For all that, there has been increased damage from foxes since the onset of the disease. The British Field Sports Society's brave suggestion that the best method of keeping foxes down is hunting will carry weight in some circles, but is unlikely to impress the majority of poultry farmers and sheep farmers who have a shrewd idea that foxhunting is really a method of preserving foxes.

Nor is a recent statement by that Society, which seems to suggest that the rabbit is not an important item in the fox's diet and that the fox is efficient at keeping down rats and other predators, likely to carry much weight with any but foxhunters. It is not, for example, in the least likely to convince gamekeepers. For a very long time, we have been taught (and not least by foxhunters) that the rabbit plays a major part in the diet of the fox. Two scientists, H. N. Southern and J. S. Watson, published in 1941 in *The Journal of Animal Ecology* the results of an inquiry they had made into the food of the fox. Dogs kill more sheep than do foxes, but an analysis of the contents of the stomachs of a number of animals showed that during the summer rabbit was the most common food, sheep came next, and then small birds, small mammals and insects.

The diet of the fox, naturally, varies a little from district to district and according to opportunity (the fox is a great opportunist), and every countryman knows it, just as every countryman knows that foxes used to kill large numbers of rabbits—when there were rabbits to kill. Since there are not now, in many parts of the country, the rabbits to kill, the fox kills something else. If you were to tell any countryman that that "something else" is made up of rats or some other predator, you would be likely to be greeted with a horse laugh. It is wise to face facts.

In this connection it is salutary (and sometimes amusing) to note the contrasting attitudes of what might be called the professional sporting Press and the society sporting Press. The latter seems very anxious to tone down all the problems affecting sport that have followed in the train of myxomatosis: the former perhaps go to the other extreme. An article in the current issue of *The Gamekeepers' Gazette* suggests that all the blame for the shocking game season of 1954–55 should not be laid on the dreadful weather, that a large portion of it must lie squarely on foxes. The writer suggests that the same thing will happen again this year if the foxes are not cleared.

He is also of the opinion that "in about three years' time there will be no hunting as there will be no foxes." He points out that a well-fed fox is a very difficult animal to trap or shoot; that a hungry fox is just the reverse, for it will fall to any bait and return to any kill. And he has a very poor opinion of the prospects for beagling and coursing as well, since the foxes (in his district at least) killed most of the leverets.

This is, I sincerely hope, too gloomy a picture. It should not be dismissed just because it is gloomy. There can, I think, be no doubt that the continued spread of myxomatosis—pleasing as it must be to the farmers—is going to mean hard times to the foxhunter. No matter what the diet of the fox, he is going to miss the rabbit sorely. And so is the townsman. The disappearance of the rabbit has meant a saving of many millions of pounds. None of this saving has reached the townsman. For him the disappearance of the rabbit has meant the loss of a cheap food. He is beginning to wonder how much truth there was in the stories about damage by rabbits.

THROUGH THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAYS

Traffic on the Great Canadian River While the Construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway Proceeds

Although many people are aware of the importance to world commerce of the St. Lawrence Seaway, now in process of construction, few realise that the existing canal system linking the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean is already a busy highway plied by the ships of all nations.

After the rough Atlantic passage, the voyage up the St. Lawrence River by one of the ships heading for the Lakes is almost a pleasure-cruise. From Montreal to Kingston, where the Lakes begin, the ship sails only by day through the locks and reaches of the St. Lawrence River, and the hands are spared the wearisome night watches necessary at sea.

The vessel passes through the populous valley of the St. Lawrence, one of the oldest established settlements in Canada, between banks already green with early spring foliage. One recalls the old *voyageurs* and early settlers who had used this path into the heart of the continent. As the ship passes the Long Sault Rapids, one can see where they had portaged their canoes and loads round the murderous "white water" that will disappear with the completion of the Seaway project.

In spring the river is alive with lake and ocean freighters on their way to pick up or deliver the first cargoes of the navigation season. And at Prescott there are the leviathans of the inland waters—20,000-ton "floating box-cars" too large to pass through the 14-ft. canals of the lower river. These monsters are stout enough to withstand the worst Lake tempests, but could not for long endure an Atlantic gale.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREAT LAKES—PASSING THROUGH A LOCK ON THE ST. LAWRENCE CANAL: In the foreground the Dutch merchantman *Prins Frederik Hendrik* is being warped through the Cornwall locks. Other vessels await their turn to pass through the lock on their way to the Lakes from Montreal. The Dutch vessel is specially built to negotiate the waterway.

SHIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE CANAL: One of the vessels which already make full use of the busy St. Lawrence waterway is seen entering the canal at Cornwall. *On left*—The *Prins Frederik Hendrik* between Cornwall and Morrisburg as she by-passes the Long Sault Rapids.

THROUGH THE POPULOUS ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY: The locks at Lachine, just above Montreal. This township is in the pleasant valley of the St. Lawrence, in which are located some of the oldest and most historic settlements in Canada.

A VITAL MEETING-PLACE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE: The big grain elevator at Prescott, Ontario, is seen at night. Here the large tonnage lake vessels unload their cargoes for transhipment to smaller ships which can navigate the canals to Montreal.

THE "DISCOVERY" SAILS UP THE THAMES: The famous Royal Research Ship is warped out of the London Graving Dock on the start of her voyage up the Thames to her anchorage off the Embankment above Blackfriars Bridge. The *Discovery*, in which Captain Scott's expedition sailed to the Antarctic in 1901, has been refitted by the Admiralty and will be a drill ship for the R.N.V.R. For many years she was used by Sea Scouts and berthed in the anchorage to which she has now returned.

TWO IMMORTAL SHIPS

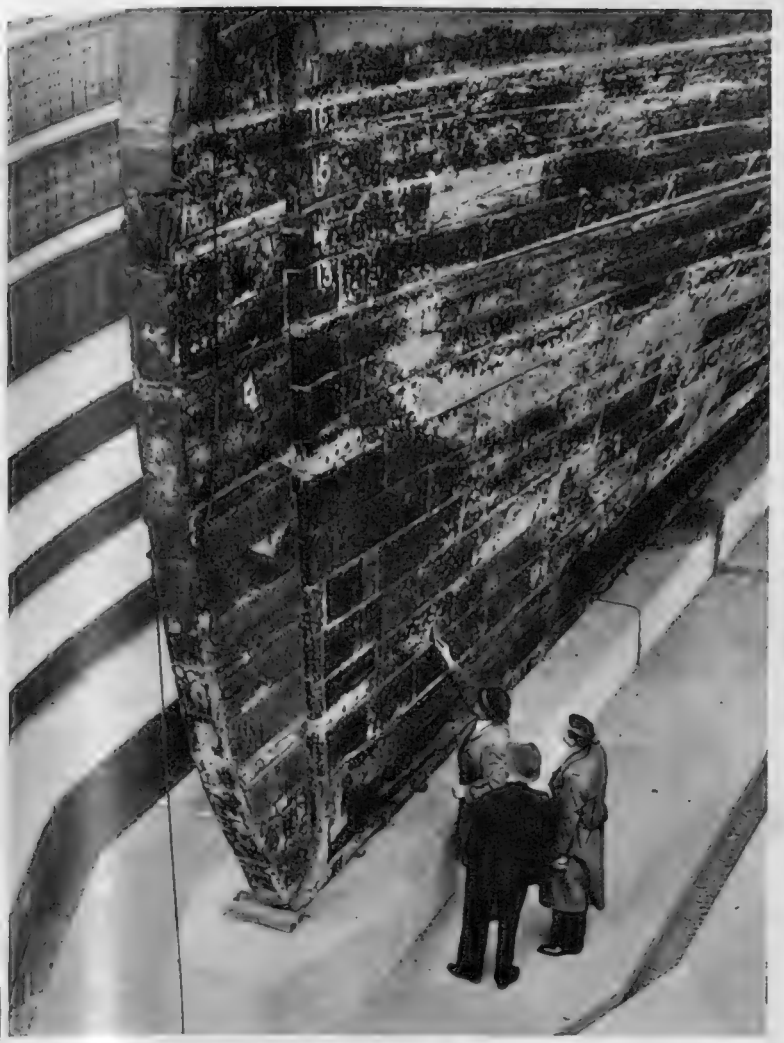
The "Discovery" Returns to Her Thames Anchorage, and Work Progresses on the "Cutty Sark" in Her Final Berth

The *Discovery* is one of the select band of ships which are immortal for their part in Polar exploration. A wooden barque, she was built for Captain Scott's first expedition to the Antarctic in 1901. Before 1914 she traded for a time between London and Canada, but in 1916 she reverted to her original role and went out to the help of Shackleton's South Polar party. Refitted in 1925, she was lent five years later to Sir Douglas Mawson for his British-Australian-New Zealand Research Expedition to the Antarctic. On her return she lay for five years in East India Dock before being presented to the Boy Scouts' Association.

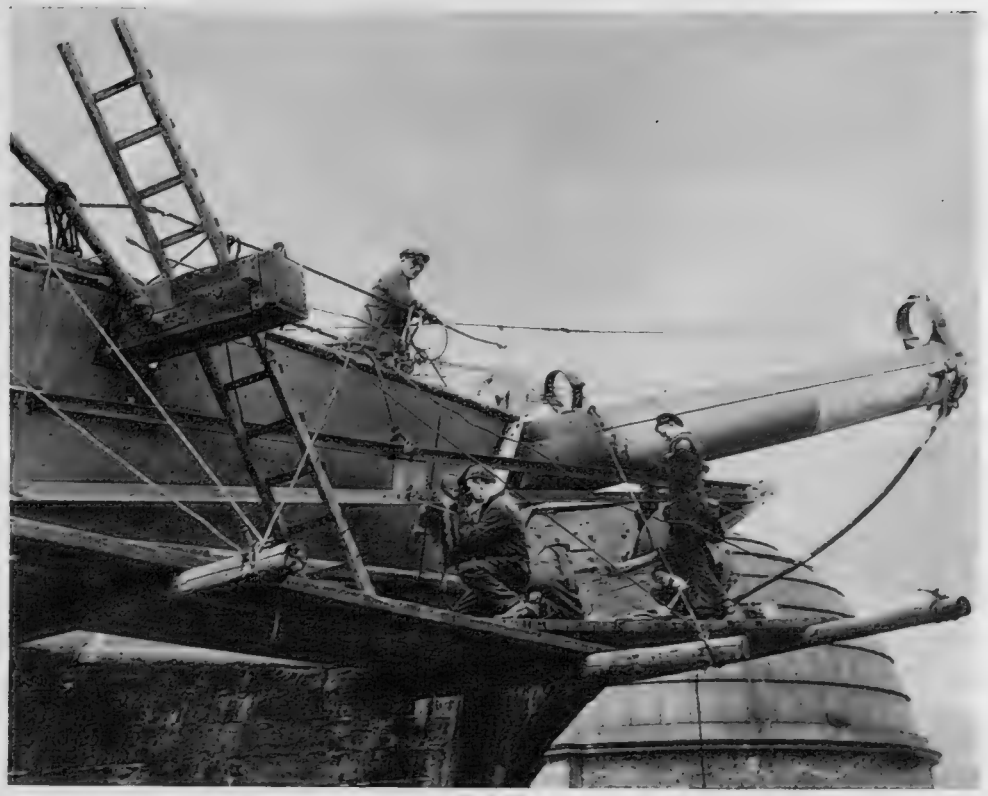
Until the end of the last war she was berthed by the Victoria Embankment in London and used as a hostel for Sea Scouts from overseas. More than 2,000 boys spent week-ends in her each year. She was endowed by Lady Houston and the Pilgrim Trust. But after the war it was found the cost of her upkeep had increased considerably, so she was offered to the Admiralty, who decided to take her and fit her out as an additional drill ship for the London Division, R.N.V.R. In the middle of last summer she was taken to the London Graving Dock, where work began on new class-rooms and other accommodation. This refitting is now nearly complete and last week *Discovery* was towed back to her old berth above Blackfriars Bridge. Early in July there will be an official ceremony for her commissioning.

IN MIDSTREAM: The *Discovery* has been towed under Tower Bridge. She made the voyage up the river without masts and rigging so that she could pass beneath the bridges. The masts will be re-erected in her final refit, which should be completed by the end of next month.

BACK IN HER OLD BERTH: Spectators watch the *Discovery* being brought in to the Embankment, where she lay during her long period of service with the Sea Scouts. Her last Antarctic voyage was in the 1930's.



THE RUDDER AND KEEL OF THE "CUTTY SARK": Shipwrights are examining the copper sheathing of the famous old clipper. *Cutty Sark* now lies in her final anchorage, a dry-dock specially constructed at Greenwich.

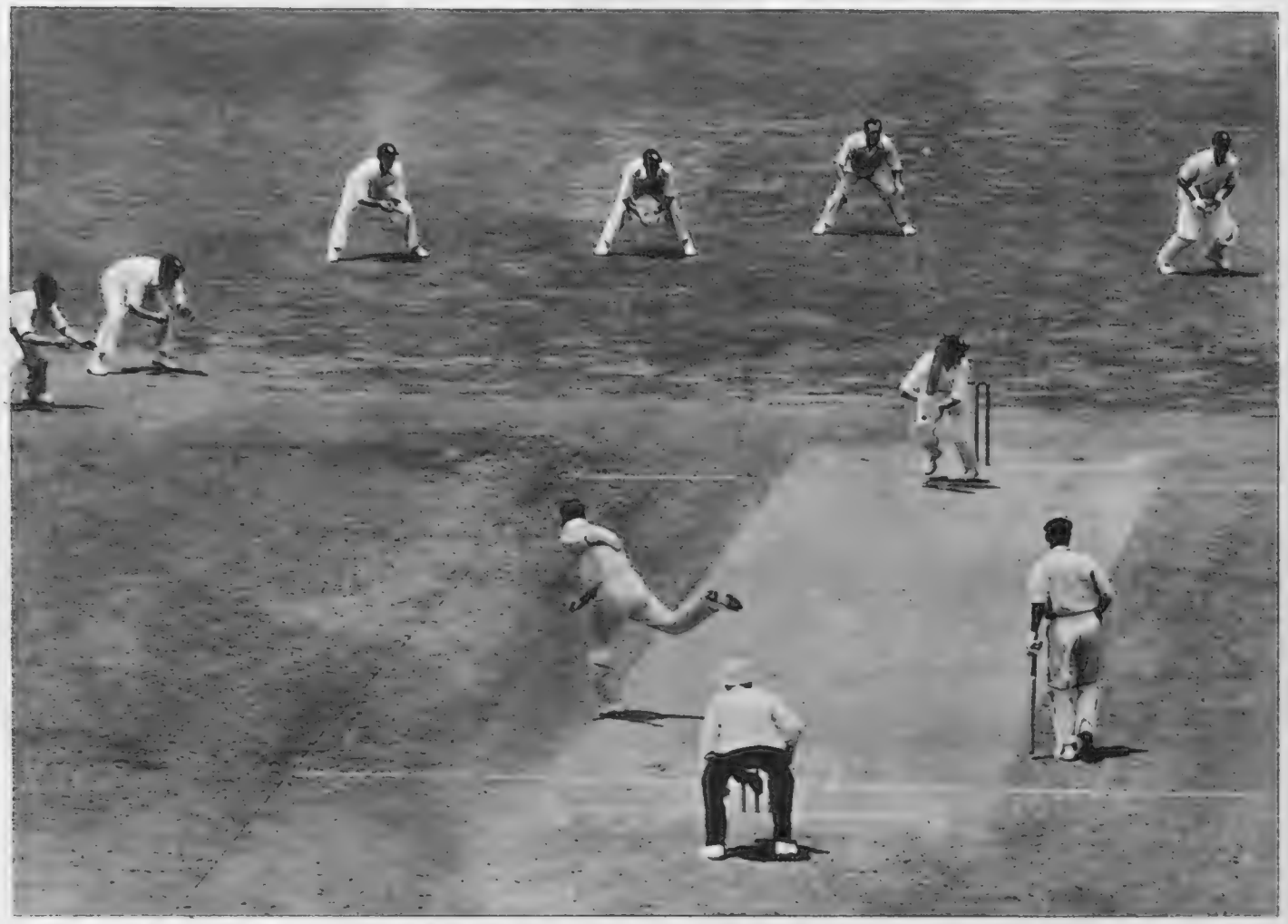


FITTINGS FOR THE NEW NAME-PLATE FOR THE GRAND OLD CLIPPER: Stays are welded to the forecastle head to take the new plate which will bear the name *Cutty Sark*. After being refitted in the East India Dock, she was towed last December to her Greenwich berth.

Like the *Discovery*, the *Cutty Sark* has her own especial niche in the Hall of Maritime Fame. The great clipper—her name is Scottish and means "Short Shirt"—was built at Dumbarton in 1869, her length being 212 ft. and her displacement 690 tons. After a short period in the China tea trade she was transferred to the Australia run, taking part in grain races and establishing remarkable speed records. Her fastest passage—Sydney to London in 73 days—was made in 1885. On this voyage her best day's run was 363 nautical miles. For many years in this century she was a training-ship for naval cadets.

When finally it seemed that her long, active life was over, the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society (now the *Cutty Sark* Society) took charge of her. The Society's decision to make her a permanent memorial to the Merchant Navy could not have been bettered. A site was found by the side of the Thames at Greenwich, and a special dry-dock constructed to hold her. There she lies to-day, her prow looking over the river.

PREPARING A PERMANENT MEMORIAL TO THE MERCHANT NAVY: Old wood is being replaced by new prior to the fitting of deck-houses on the poop deck of the *Cutty Sark*. Lying in her dry-dock by the side of the river, the clipper is to be a memorial to the Merchant Navy in peace and war, in the same way as H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth is a memorial to the Royal Navy. The *Cutty Sark* was built in 1869 and established sailing records on the Australia run in the next twenty years.



THE TRIUMPHANT WINTER IN AUSTRALIA: A flashback to Melbourne on New Year's Day during the third Test match. Favell, Australia's opening batsman, is seen turning a ball from Tyson. England's fastest bowler got the close attacking field he deserved. In this ring of gullies and slips are seen (from left) Bailey, Wilson, Hutton, May and Edrich, with the ever-vigilant Evans behind the stumps.

HIGH HOPES FOR THE NEW CRICKET SEASON

The Successes in Australia During the Winter, and the Resounding Triumph of England's Younger Players, Make Possible, Given the Right Outlook and Direction, a New Golden Age

By NEVILLE CARDUS

THE victories of England's cricketers in the Australian rubber just completed grow in magnitude and in popular estimation, as we hear of the prowess in the West Indies of batsmen who only the other week were to be seen going forth to the wicket to face Tyson and Statham like so many unwilling if resigned lambs to the slaughter. But most judges of the game have expected Morris, Harvey, McDonald, and the rest, to score multitudinous runs on the pacific wickets in the West Indies.

At Brisbane last November, Australia amassed 600 against England in the first Test match of the rubber. At least one player in Hutton's command held the opinion, after the Ashes had been retained, that England would have lost them if every match had taken place on the Brisbane pitch. The groundsmen at Sydney and Melbourne played into our hands by making wickets resilient to fast bowlers and the seam of the new ball. No doubt the bright idea was that these lively, not to say vivacious, wickets would aid and abet Lindwall and Miller—which indeed they did, for a given period. But the joke, for England, is that Lindwall and Miller, no longer in the full flush of manhood, were unable to maintain their first burst of destructive energy; but Tyson and Statham could keep the pressure on for hours! The ancient enemy were hoist by their own petard. Again, we must, in fairness to the Australians, remember that Miller was prevented by injury from playing in the second Test match, where the wicket would have suited him fearfully. And Lindwall was kept out of the fourth and decisive Test match, at Adelaide.

Australian batsmen to-day, the best of them, are suffering technically from the custom employed in Australia whereby wickets are generally protected from rain. Discerning critics could see and realise, during the Australian tour here in 1953, that few of Hassett's team had much notion of the way to cope either with a rising or abruptly turning ball. The easy scores now coming to Australia in the West Indies will, in the long run, do no good to Australia's chances in England next year, unless a summer of continuous sunshine is lavished on us. In the past the great Australian batsmen have been resourceful on all sorts of pitches—Trumper, Darling, Duff, Macartney, Bardsley. In recent years Australian batsmen have unwisely emulated Bradman, a genius not at all orthodox, and have relied too much on play from the back foot. One of the remarkable features of the recent rubber was Cowdrey's demonstration of the reliability of the old-fashioned forward method; that is, if backed up by swift accurate judgement of the ball's flight.

There is reason for us to suppose, without complacency, that England will, for some years to come, hold the Ashes against Australia. Hutton's conquering XI can indeed be considerably improved in all-round playing assets before the next Australian invasion, in 1956.

A recall of Lock to the England bowling crease would sharpen the reserves for Tyson and Statham. It is not universally known that Lock, on a pliable pitch, is the most dangerous left-arm bowler English cricket has known since Hedley Verity and the melancholy Charles Parker of Gloucestershire. This opinion of Lock is shared by Arthur Morris, the Australian. Lock commands a fiercer finger-spin than Wardle, who really wheedles his victims out. Moreover, Lock uses the return crease artfully; and furthermore, he is one of the finest fieldsmen extant, near the wicket.

There are other young cricketers besides May and Cowdrey, who are nearly at the stage of development to take the places of one or two of the Old Brigade. On my return from Australia to England, I find that it is not yet fully realised here how very much the victories in the rubber were almost entirely the consequence of the salvage work of May, Cowdrey, Tyson and Statham. Australia would have won the first three Test matches if either May or Cowdrey, or both, had not come forward at a crisis and retrieved ruinous preliminary mishaps among the Old Brigade, Hutton himself included. And thrice in consecutive innings, when the Australians had victory within apparently easy reach, Tyson and Statham snatched the brand from the burning—if I may use a *cliché* most useful to express an extreme state of affairs.

After England's defeat at Brisbane last December, I was bold enough to prophesy that England, all the same, would win the rubber (I could not forget Australia's dubious batting in England in 1953). But I would not have believed then in an England victory if I could have foreseen a comparative failure of Hutton, Compton, Edrich and Simpson; and no Alec Bedser in the field at all! At Brisbane, Tyson's bowling analysis was 29 overs, 1 maiden, 160 runs, 1 wicket. No other fast bowler engaged in an England *v.* Australia match has suffered these grievous figures. After the Brisbane match, indeed, rumour was busy to suggest that Tyson would not play in another Test during the tour. We must applaud Tyson's philosophy and good faith; we must applaud Hutton, certainly, for his calm detachment. For years he has believed that Australia could be beaten by some taste of their own medicine—fast bowling ruthlessly or shrewdly prescribed.

ANOTHER ENGLISH SEASON OPENS—AND RAIN STOPS PLAY: The players scamper for the shelter of the pavilion at Lord's when a heavy shower of rain stopped play during M.C.C.'s innings against Yorkshire in the first match of the season.

I am not always in agreement with Hutton's purely competitive view about cricket. I was brought up in an age when even Test matches, all over within three days, were played not entirely by the book of arithmetic. The will to win was as keen then as now; but some of the delightful hazards of sport would creep in from time to time, with some imaginative touch of personal art. There was little in the recent rubber to entertain the spectator who was not keenly partisan; much of the cricket would have been insupportably boring if no scoreboard had been there to record a contest which was obviously going to be decided purely statistically.

Gamesmanship can be humorous, as well as efficacious—as "W. G." himself well knew. But we are moving far from great cricket when, after a toss has been lost on a perfect wicket, the policy of the fielding side is plainly to arrange matters so that as few overs as possible might be bowled in a day. If time-wasting tactics by the fielding side are carried beyond the length

THE SOUTH AFRICANS IN ENGLAND—WITH A ZEST FOR FINE FIELDING: The first action of the South African cricketers on their arrival at Lord's at the end of last month was to have fielding practice. Here McGlew, opening batsman and vice-captain of the team, is giving practice to his colleagues. They are (from left) Mansell, Goddard, Duckworth, McLean, Endean and Winslow. It was the magnificent fielding of the South Africans that enabled them to draw the series against Australia in 1953-54.

"HE MIGHT WELL CONFOUND OUR FINEST BATSMEN": Tayfield, South Africa's right-arm off-break bowler. He has already taken 78 Test wickets.

TO RETURN TO THE ENGLAND SIDE? This picture of Lock, the Surrey left-arm bowler, gives some impression of the fierce spin he imparts to the ball.

AGGRESSIVE FORWARD PLAY: Cowdrey drives to the off. His forward play in Australia was one of the features of the Test rubber.

AN ENHANCED REPUTATION: The elegant May fulfilled his promise in the Test matches during the winter, in which he became top scorer.

A FINE PROSPECT: Richardson, the Worcestershire left-handed opening batsman, whose aggressive stroke play may soon bring him higher honours.

resorted to by Hutton in Australia, legislation may be obliged to place a limit on the minutes available for the bowling of an over. And it is not good for any game if there is a need to legislate its exponents into sportsmanship.

Though English cricket to-day is superior all-round to Australia's, with ample young talent at hand, there is no cause for conceit or smug satisfaction. After all, it is less than a year ago that England were defeated by Pakistan at Kennington Oval. If the summer which, as I write, is being heralded gloriously, should turn out wet after all, one of the South African bowlers might well confound our finest batsmen. I refer to the off-spinner, Tayfield. The South Africans are a more or less young side, with much to learn of the English cricket environment. But I am sure that Hutton will take no risks against them—and he will be sensible not to take risks.

Still, there has been overmuch emphasis lately on the "necessity" of England to win Test matches, even if the crowd must suffer boredom and half of the game's delightful resources are not explored. When we come to think of it, a Test match should show and exhibit the game *in excelsis*, with all its varied departments in full play, with no part greater than the whole. We should see, in a series of Test matches, the best stroke players, the best defensive players (at the right time!); we should see cuts and drives and hooks and glances; we should see the best exponents of all sorts of bowling—fast, slow, medium, left-hand and right-hand spin. We should see the best exponents of every branch of cricket.

In the rubber just finished in Australia, few of these excellences were palpably on view. Usually we had to be content with fast bowling and more or less strokeless batting, except for the innings of May and Cowdrey, and one or two flashes from Harvey and Miller. (I do not mention in this context Graveney's pleasant century on a dead sodden wicket at Sydney, for it was played in conditions in which the bowlers could do nothing whatever except toil.) It was possible to sit for hours and see no variety of technique; it was usually match after match the same situation, the same methods—swift seam bowling, the same wary, careworn batting. It was not certain that we would see first-class fielding every day—by England. I confess that on several sunny afternoons in Sydney I stayed away and listened to the broadcast commentaries, by means of which I could obtain the competitive and statistical content. I could be pretty sure that I was missing little enough æsthetically.

It is time that less concentration was made on cricket as just one competitive game amongst others; the chief glory of cricket is the variety of its technical and individual parts. What we remember from the truly great periods of cricket is not the winning and the losing but the personal contributions of skill and style and character of certain players. It is time, too, to realise that Test matches are not the whole of first-class cricket; though we may well fear that if they are made more and more obsessive, exaggerated to an absurd importance by Press and radio, the public will cease to take interest in an ordinary county match. In Australia the interest in State matches—the nurseries of Test cricket—is declining; crowds, sated with the "publicity" surrounding Test matches, won't pay to see a day-by-day match. And in Australia first-class cricket is not played every day, as it is in an English summer.

AUSTRALIA IN THE ASCENDANCY IN THE WEST INDIES: Two stumps are knocked flying as Archer bowls Worrell in the first Test match at Kingston, Jamaica. On the hard West Indian wickets the Australians have so far completely outplayed the home side, and have won the first and third Tests by comfortable margins.

Cricket will continue to attract crowds to ordinary county matches in this country only if it retains its appeal as a summer-time spectacle, with players on view who are capable of an individual contribution attractive in itself, apart from the score-board's valuation of it. The opportunity is here for a revival of first-class cricket as a pleasure and a fine art amongst sports and pastimes of the open air. May and Cowdrey have, by batsmanship which conveyed to us a personal relish, inaugurated an amateur renascence. Two young fast bowlers, Tyson and Statham (both Lancashire born, may I remind the reader?), have put Australian batsmen under a spell, and caused Australian batsmen, perhaps for the first time in the game's history, to lose a good and cocksure opinion of themselves.

There is no reason why nature should give away talents for cricket more generously in one period than in another. Cowdrey and May are the two finest young English batsmen who have played in Australia since A. C. Maclaren and R. E. Foster. Statham and Tyson have compelled us to ask if they are not as fast bowlers comparable to, say, Larwood and Farnes. Evans is one of the most accomplished wicket-keepers ever to stand for England. Hutton must be included with our shrewdest captains of cricket. And there is ample promising material to draw on in the near future. Given the right free and generous outlook and direction, English cricket should soon enter another "Golden Age"—given, I repeat, the right outlook and direction.

SCULPTURE IN A REGENCY CHURCH

St. John's Church, St. John's Wood, is the Setting for an Exhibition of Modern Sculpture

St. John's Church, opposite Lord's Cricket Ground in St. John's Wood, has an artistic tradition. It lies at the south-east corner of a neighbourhood which has remained the haunt of artists, writers and musicians since many of the most notable Victorian academicians made their homes there. John Sell Cotman, the water-colourist, was buried in the graveyard. The situation of St. John's is one of the finest for a London church, dominating the northern end of the hill of Park Road.

The exhibition of sculpture includes ninety works from many parts of England and Scotland, which are placed in the side aisles of the church, as well as in the gallery and the octagonal belfry room. This room had never been used since the church was built in 1814. It was derelict, and the organisers of the exhibition, Josephina de Vasconcellos and Kate Parbury, reconditioned and redecorated it themselves. The Vicar, the Rev. N. A. Perry-Gore, himself an amateur painter, was also actively concerned with arranging the exhibition.

St. John's is one of the best examples of Regency church architecture. It was built as a chapel of ease of St. Marylebone Parish, and became Parish Church of St. John's Wood only three years ago. The plain white and gold decoration of the interior provides a highly effective background for the varied styles of sculpture which are displayed. The exhibition, displaying the work of many distinguished sculptors, opened at the beginning of this month and continues until May 30.

HELEN MACKAY'S "PIETA" DOMINATES THIS ASPECT OF THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD: This first exhibition of modern sculpture in a London church has been organised by two women sculptors, Josephina de Vasconcellos and Kate Parbury, and by the Vicar, the Rev. N. A. Perry-Gore. It remains open until May 30.

On right—

The Vicar, the Rev. Noel Perry-Gore, and his elder daughter, Anne, study the plaster model, "The Herald," by Sir William Reid Dick, one of the exhibits in the octagonal belfry room at St. John's Church.

"SMILING MADONNA": Phoebe Stabler sculpted this lovely piece, set in the centre of the gallery of St. John's Church, looking towards the altar.

THE MODERN IDIOM: Gertrude Hermes' carving in walnut of "The Poet David" is flanked by (left) W. E. Gray's "Seraph," in yew, and (right) A. J. Marshall's mahogany "St. Christopher."

CHRISTIAN SCULPTURE IN THE GALLERY OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH: The central figure in the background of this view along the gallery is Charles Wheeler's plaster cast of "The Risen Christ." The exhibition carries the artistic tradition of the neighbourhood into St. John's, which became the Parish Church of St. John's Wood in 1952.

SPORT, POLITICS AND ANCIENT CUSTOMS

A Maytime Survey of Events in London and the English Countryside

THE QUEEN PRESENTS THE CUP TO NEWCASTLE : Her Majesty hands the cup to the Newcastle captain, Jimmy Scoular, while the Secretary of the Football Association, Sir Stanley Rous, looks on. On the right of the picture is B. Cowell, the Newcastle right back. The Newcastle team won the cup with a score of 3 goals to 1 against Manchester City, and thus hold the trophy for the third time in five years.

PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED : The Serjeant-at-Arms and Common Cryer to the City of London, Commander J. Poland, reads the Queen's Proclamation dissolving Parliament until after the General Election on May 26, from the steps of the Royal Exchange in the City. On the same day, Parliament was prorogued with all the ancient ceremony associated with the occasion. This marked the start of the parliamentary election campaign, which is now in full swing.

On left—

SOUTH AFRICANS v. WORCESTERSHIRE—A TRADITIONAL FIXTURE FOR A TOURING TEAM : The touring team in the field at Worcester in a setting dominated by the stately lines of the cathedral. The South African team have been hailed as a great fielding combination, and when Perks, the Worcestershire captain, won the toss and decided to bat, spectators were able to assess from the start the weight of this statement. The County XI kept their opponents in the field for all but twenty minutes of the first day's play, when the score was Worcestershire 260 all out, and South Africa 31 for one wicket. Despite a pitch which gave little help to bowlers, Tayfield, possibly the most dangerous South African to contend with, took 5 Worcestershire wickets for 93 runs.

MAYTIME FESTIVALS IN BEDFORDSHIRE : The village green at Elstow, near Bedford, with the May Festival in full swing. As is the custom, the May Queen, fifteen-year-old Joyce Norman, drove in her floral coach to the green, where she was crowned Queen of the May by last year's Queen. Elstow is the birthplace of John Bunyan.

MORRIS DANCING IN SUSSEX : The scene outside the Shepherd and Dog Inn at Fulking, in Sussex, as members of the London University, East Surrey and Winchester Morris Clubs perform their dances. This was one of a series of dances performed to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the National Federation of Morris Clubs.

The Home News in Pictures

THE B.I.F. AT OLYMPIA AND BIRMINGHAM

And Other News Pictures from England and Scotland

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT OLYMPIA, WHERE THE ACCENT THIS YEAR IS ON DOMESTIC GOODS : A picture of one of the many attractively laid out fabric stands. This year the fair was accorded its first official opening and this ceremony was performed by Admiral Lord Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord. Among the exhibits, gadgets were well to the fore and included yet another "unspillable" drinking mug for babies. Visitors from overseas attended in their usual large numbers and this year the delivery times quoted by manufacturers have not been so lengthy.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR IN BIRMINGHAM : This is one of the exhibits at the heavy section of the fair which is held at Castle Bromwich. The ingenious Simon Hydraulic Platform, seen here, enables workmen to reach heights of up to 40 ft. without using ladders.

REPAIRS TO THE "MAYFLOWER STEPS" : The great slabs of stone being removed from the jetty at Plymouth were trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers when they went aboard the *Mayflower* at the start of their voyage to America in 1620. The steps will be replaced after repairs have been carried out on their foundations which were damaged when a bomb fell near by in the harbour of Plymouth during the war.

AN HISTORIC BUILDING MAY BECOME A MUSEUM : The L.C.C. is being asked to agree to a proposal that Prince Consort Lodge, in Kennington Park in South-East London, should be turned into a museum of implements of various crafts. This suggestion was originally propounded 100 years ago by Prince Albert when the lodge had been moved to its present site after being built as an exhibit of model workers' dwellings in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Now it is used as a park-keeper's office

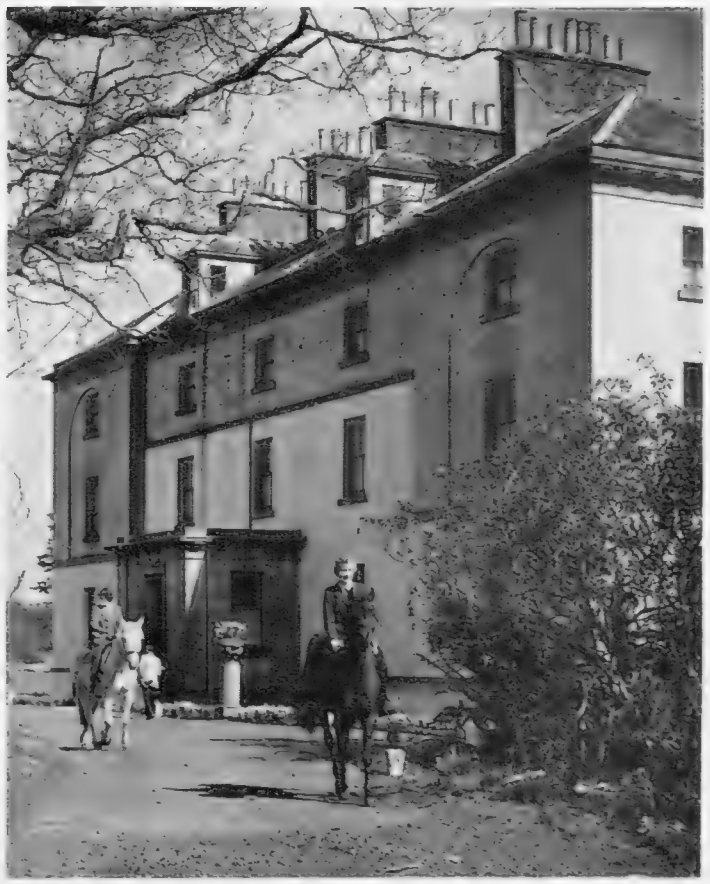
ATOMS FOR PEACE : One of the large lorries of an American Atomic Energy Travelling Exhibition is disembarked from the Channel ferry at Dover. The Exhibition—"Atoms for Peace"—is carried by five of these 21½-ton lorries, each of which has an overall length of 46 ft. and a maximum height of 12 ft. It has been through Holland, Belgium and France. It will be seen on the South Bank in London early next month. Then it will travel to many other cities in Britain.

OLYMPIANS HAND OVER TO POLITICIAN "OLD BLUES" IN A RELAY RUN TO SAVE LONDON'S CHURCHES : Below the Duke of York's Steps, in the Mall, are, from the left : Roger Bannister ; H. W. Kerr, M.P. ; Chris Chattaway ; Geoffrey De Freitas, M.P. ; Frank Byers, formerly M.P. for North Dorset ; and Chris Brasher. The three politicians, who are Oxford or Cambridge Old Blues, were each taking over cheques for £250 from the Historic Churches Preservation Fund which had been handed to the three Olympians by the Duke of Edinburgh in Buckingham Palace. The cheques were carried by relays to St. Martin-in-the-Fields. One was taken on to St. Stephen's Walbrook, in the City

RHODODENDRONS ON SHOW IN LONDON : A general view of the Royal Horticultural Society Show at the new Horticultural Hall last week. This display was held in conjunction with the Society's fortnightly show. Rhododendrons grow in a variety of forms and many variations were on show.

CONNOISSEURS AT THE RHODODENDRON SHOW : Two of the judges examine specimens closely. Many of the flowers on show came from Lord Aberconway's Bodnant Gardens, which are now administered by the National Trust, and others from the woodland garden in Windsor Great Park. Among the many unusual varieties of the plant displayed during the show were midget, small flower Alpines and giant blooms from Burma and the Himalayas.

PONY TRAKING IN THE HIGHLANDS MAKES AN IDEAL HOLIDAY : This party of trekkers in Peebles-shire have just spent their first night of their holiday in the open and now, for the first time they are thrown on their own resources in catching and bridling their ponies. These riding courses were originally organised by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation and are divided into various groups. The most experienced riders set out to look for adventure on their own, but beginners are always led by an experienced rider who keeps them to the less hazardous of the many bridlepaths.



PONY TREKKERS DO NOT ALWAYS HAVE TO SLEEP IN THE OPEN : This party of riders have just spent the night at the Whim Hotel at Lamancha and are now setting off for another day on horseback.

MARENKA ADMONISHES JENIK IN "THE BARTERED BRIDE" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE : Elsie Morison and John Lanigan in the leading parts of the opera gave very successful performances.

SMETANA'S "THE BARTERED BRIDE" IS PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN : A scene from Act III in the Czechoslovakian opera as the circus arrives in the village. On the right is Adele Leigh who plays the part of Esmeralda. *The Bartered Bride* was borrowed from the repertoire of Sadler's Wells and although better suited to a smaller stage, the Covent Garden production, by Mr. Christopher West, achieved the right amount of festivity and liveliness. The conductor was Rafael Kubelik, who was making his debut at the Royal Opera House. In the autumn, Mr. Kubelik will take up duties as musical director at Covent Garden. The decor for this production was by Czech artist Jan Bragda.

REMORSE AND REHABILITATION

A First Night at the Winter Garden Theatre, London; and a World Premiere at the Playhouse in Salisbury

The Lovers had already been well-received on its tour of the Provinces before the opening at the Winter Garden Theatre in London last week. The dramatisation of Emile Zola's novel *Thérèse Raquin* certainly evokes the sordid and squalid atmosphere of the mercery shop of Madame Raquin. In this part Helen Haye gives one of her really memorable performances, as an old woman cosseting her worthless son and then becoming paralysed and dumb.

Sam Wanamaker and Eva Bartok are the lovers. Great interest attached to Miss Bartok's performance, as this is the first time she has appeared on the London stage, though she is already well known to film-goers. The lovers follow their physical passion. This leads to murder and treason and a climax of separation through remorse. Both Mr. Wanamaker and Miss Bartok make full use of their many dramatic opportunities. Others who contribute notable performances are Peter Copley and Kynaston Reeves, in the parts of Grivet and Michaud. They introduce a certain amount of light relief in the roles of two aged men who recall their disreputable adventures in the past. Mr. Wanamaker himself is the producer.

IN "THE LOVERS" AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE IN LONDON: From the left are Eva Bartok (Thérèse); Helen Haye (Madame Raquin), Peter Copley (Grivet) and Kynaston Reeves (Michaud). The play is a dramatisation by Marcelle-Maurette of an early novel by Emile Zola, *Thérèse Raquin*. The English translation is by Juliet Mansel and Robin King. A most ingenious multiple set is designed by M. Georges Wakhevitch. It consists of a shop, an adjoining bed-sitting room and an alley outside the house in which this drama of passion and murder takes place.

On right—
A FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE LONDON STAGE: Eva Bartok and Sam Wanamaker have the roles of the lovers. This play is the first time Hungarian-born Miss Bartok has been seen on the London stage. Her part gives her every opportunity of showing her acting abilities in a number of dramatic scenes.

A TRAGEDY OF REMORSE: Eva Bartok and Sam Wanamaker are in one of their bedroom scenes in *The Lovers*. Against the background of a sordid Parisian byway, the play moves to a tragic climax of remorse.

THE SALISBURY REPERTORY COMPANY GIVES THE WORLD PREMIERE OF A POSTHUMOUS PLAY BY GORDON DAVIOT: In *Dickon*, from left—Gerald Flood as Richard of Gloucester, later Richard III ("Dickon"), Michael Bevis (Prince Edward), and Frederick Peisley (Edward IV).

TWO PORTRAITS OF RICHARD III: *Left*—By an unknown fifteenth-century artist. *Right*—The king as he is portrayed by Gerald Flood in this week's production of *Dickon* at Salisbury. In her play, Miss Daviot sets out to "whitewash" Richard, who is usually regarded as an evil monarch. To give both sides of the question, last week the Salisbury Repertory Company played Shakespeare's Richard III.

The untimely death of Gordon Daviot in 1952 was a great loss to British drama. Twenty years before she had established herself, with *Richard of Bordeaux*, as a fine historical playwright. The Salisbury Repertory Company has shown most commendable initiative in putting on this week, for the first time in any theatre, her posthumous play, *Dickon*. Miss Daviot did not wish it to be performed during her lifetime.

The author sets out to show that Richard of Gloucester—the Dickon of the play—was anything but the evil and cruel king whom historians have usually portrayed. She propounded this opinion in her other manifestation, as Josephine Tey the novelist, in that most ingenious "thriller," *Daughter of Time*. Now, under the direction of Richard Scott, the Salisbury Company has given the play a splendid send-off.

THE PILOT TAKES IT LYING DOWN : One of the first in flight pictures of the Armstrong Whitworth Meteor jet plane which has been converted to accommodate a pilot in the prone position. There is every possibility that this position for pilots may have to be adopted in high-speed aircraft of the future.

FLAT OUT IN THE AIR

Prone Position Piloting and High-speed Flight

Since the perfection of the jet engine has made supersonic flight possible, aircraft designers and doctors have faced many difficulties. During the past ten years designers have drastically altered the shape of the aircraft. It is to increase the resistance of pilots to high-speed flight that the "Flying Doctors" of the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine, and similar bodies in other countries, inflict considerable self-punishment as they test their theories. A pilot flying at high speed suffers no ill-effects until he begins manœuvring. If he puts his aircraft into a climb, his body tends to go straight ahead, and the artificial gravity so caused presses him into his seat until he weighs several times his own weight. If this force becomes too great, the blood is drained from the pilot's head and he suffers the familiar "black out."

In England considerable attention is being given to prone piloting in an attempt to enable the pilot to withstand greater forces. It has been found that for some manœuvres a normal pilot in the prone position can be subjected to a force of 12 G. (in other words, he will weigh twelve times his normal weight) before blacking out, while the same pilot, in a sitting position, would collapse after five seconds at 5 G. But there are still considerable difficulties. If, however, prone piloting is finally proved feasible, designers will benefit as well as pilots. A "prone" cockpit offers more opportunity for streamlining.

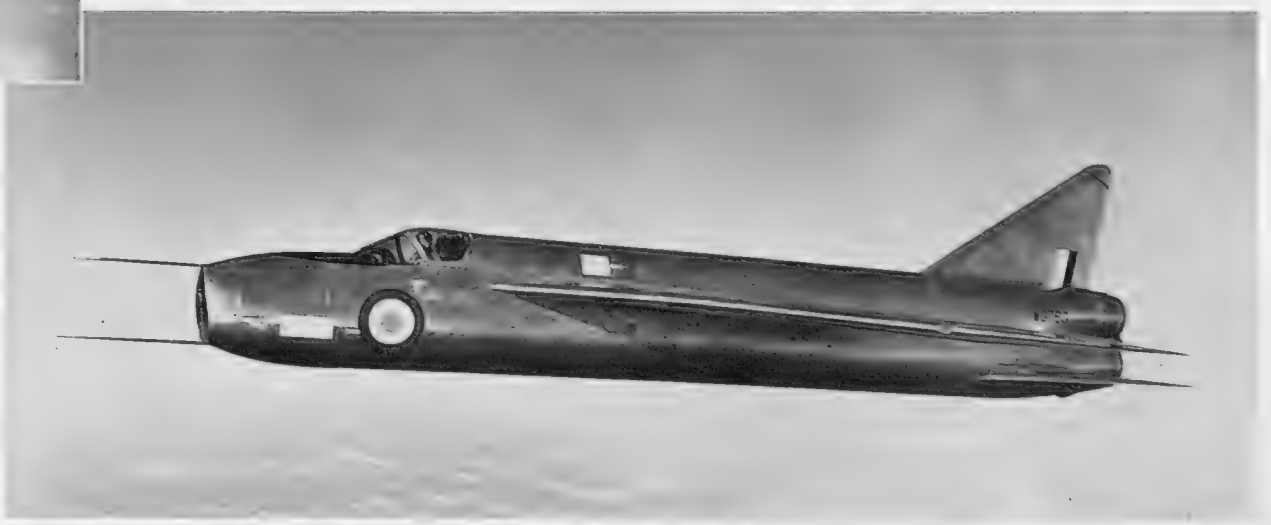
Many people are of the opinion that the days of piloted fighter planes are numbered. As yet, however, no one has produced an automatic control system which can pilot and navigate an aeroplane, pass messages back to base, and think for itself in an emergency. If such an electronic marvel could be produced it would weigh far more than the 150 lb. of the average pilot. It is in the interests of all concerned to keep the pilot in the aircraft for as long as possible.

NOTE FOR PILOTS OF THE FUTURE ? Squadron-Leader R. S. Wambeek, D.F.C., eases himself into the specially-designed cockpit before take-off. Squadron-Leader Wambeek is one of the "Flying Doctors" of the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine who use themselves as guinea pigs in the interests of the safety of pilots.

THE PLANE WITH TWO COCKPITS : The specially adapted Meteor Mk. 8, showing the normal pilot's cockpit and the prone position in the nose. This aircraft is fitted with dual controls, so that if the forward pilot encounters difficulties the other can take control. The prone position can increase a pilot's resistance to high-speed turns.

On right—

BRITAIN'S FIRST SUPERSONIC FIGHTER IN FLIGHT : The English Electric P.1, which is the first British plane capable of exceeding the speed of sound in level flight without any form of power-boosting. Since it began flying last August, this aircraft has made over 100 flights, mostly at supersonic speeds, and the design is such that it can pass through the bumpy trans-sonic speeds without giving the pilot the customary warning of buffeting and similar manifestations. The Ministry of Supply have ordered a pre-production batch of twenty of these very advanced aircraft.



On right—

FLYING UP THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER : The S.O. 9000 Trident French high-speed aircraft, which recently exceeded the speed of sound while climbing. To achieve this feat the test pilot, M. Goujon, used both jet and rocket power. The Trident has been used to test the possibilities of using jet power and rocket power combined since last September. It is, at the moment, powered by two Armstrong Siddeley Viper jets placed at the wing tips and built under licence in France, and by a rocket motor in the tail. Last week it was announced that British firms are developing interceptors which would use rocket and jet power. This followed the announcement that two British firms, Armstrong Siddeley and De Havilland, have produced liquid fuel rockets for aircraft propulsion. Unlike the jet engine, the efficiency of a rocket increases with height.

LONDON'S SALUTE TO THE A.A.

Fiftieth Anniversary Greetings to the Automobile Association; the Guildhall Banquet; the Brilliant Victory of Stirling Moss in the Mille Miglia

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WE salute, this week, an organisation which has made, and continues to make, an important contribution to motoring in Britain: the Automobile Association.

This remarkable institution is this year celebrating its Golden Jubilee, and at Guildhall in the City of London the other night, it staged a banquet which will long be remembered by the Association's guests.

It was a brilliant affair, worthy of the occasion. Almost every aspect of road transport in general, and motoring in particular, was represented. There were members of both Houses of Parliament, high-ranking police officers (distinguished successors to the "speed cops" or "hedgehogs" whose activities brought about the establishment of the A.A. in 1905), car and motor-cycle manufacturers, chiefs of the British Transport Commission, lawyers, road surveyors, officials of the cycling organisations, men from the Continental travel services, and so on.

It seemed happily appropriate that two constables of the City Police were standing behind the top table throughout the meal. They were—without intending any disrespect to the 550 guests—keeping an eye on the gold plate, which the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, had allowed to be placed on display.

How the minds of the older motorists present went back to the days, long ago, when the relations of the A.A. with the police were so much less pleasant!

There could have been no-one present with memories more nostalgically vivid than Mr. Alfred King-Hamilton, a solicitor who, at the age of eighty-three, still serves on the A.A. Committee, to which he was appointed in 1905.

From its small beginnings, when the young, uncertain organisation used a room—and a borrowed typewriter!—in a solicitor's office in Fleet Street, Mr. King-Hamilton has seen the A.A. grow—and has helped it to grow—incredibly.

From a stage when it existed simply to organise part-time cycle patrols, with armbands, to warn motorists of police speed traps on the Brighton road, Mr. King-Hamilton has helped the Association develop into a great national institution which, apart from rendering many day-to-day services to motorists, has become an indispensable part of the country's social fabric.

Half a century ago the raw young A.A., racked by growing-pains, had to hold a banquet at the Trocadero to raise some money. It had incurred heavy expense gaining the acquittal of a road patrol who had been accused of committing "wilful and corrupt perjury." He was alleged to have done this while giving evidence in defence of an A.A. member summoned for speeding on the Fairmile stretch of the Portsmouth road, near Cobham, Surrey.

There was no question of the A.A. holding its cap out at its banquet the other night. On the contrary, its guests were entertained on a scale that can seldom have been equalled in the latter-day history of Guildhall. For the A.A. is now a wealthy organisation, and its Chairman, Lord Teynham, was able to announce at the banquet that at half-past five that evening membership totalled 1,570,882.

He surprised the Association's guests by remarking that the average rate of increase in A.A. membership has been one additional member every fifteen minutes of the day and night—week-ends and holidays included—throughout the fifty years of its existence.

Actually, it took the Association fifteen years to climb to the first 100,000—at a rate of less than one additional member every hour. But the recent increase from 1,400,000 to 1,500,000 needed only four months. And that is a rate of increase of one additional member every 1.7 minutes of the day and night.

Lord Teynham gave some other interesting facts about A.A. membership. They have, for instance, 25,629 Smiths. The A.A. membership list contains 1,639 Carrs—but there are only 352 Drivers. There are 89 Gallops, 172 Trotts and 5,674 Walkers.

THE FIRST BRITISH CAR HOME IN THE MILLE MIGLIA: George Abecassis at the wheel of the Austin-Healey Hundred S, which he drove in the 1,000-miles race. He averaged more than 80 m.p.h. and was first in his category) fifth in the class for sports cars over 2 litres, and eleventh in the general classification.

"Turning to less usual names," said Lord Teynham, "we have 16 Apples and 56 Plums; 72 Crowns and 25 Anchors; 461 Smalls and 256 Larges; 1,617 Gilberts and 722 Sullivans; 56 Hammers and 12 Sickles; 2,808 Knights and 2,287 Days, and, finally—something seems to have gone wrong here—only 24 Jekylls against 812 Hydes!"

Lord Teynham paid a gracious and well-deserved tribute to the London solicitor—the late Mr. John Amery-Parkes—who provided free office accommodation for the A.A. in Fleet Street in its early days. He was still an active member of the A.A. Committee when he died last year.

The Association's present Chairman reserved a special encomium for the late Sir Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the A.A. for many years and one of the chief architects of its continuing success.

The interesting story of how Stenson Cooke became secretary is told in a new book, *Golden Milestone*, published at 15s. by the Association as part of its jubilee celebrations.

This attractive volume contains a fascinating history of the A.A. from the pen of Mr. David Keir, its chief editor. In it Mr. Keir tells how Cooke, as an impecunious salesman of thirty, owed a small sum of money to Mr. Charles Gulliver, who worked in Mr. Amery-Parkes's Fleet Street office and was serving the young A.A. as its temporary Hon. Secretary.

Cooke went along there one day to explain to Mr. Gulliver that business had not been good, and that he could not yet pay the money he owed. Gulliver happened to be looking for someone who would take on the job of full-time A.A. Secretary at a small salary, and Cooke readily accepted his friend's offer to try his hand at it. That was in August 1905.

I shall have something more to say about *Golden Milestone* later. Let us go back for a moment to that memorable Guildhall banquet. The toast of the A.A. was proposed in felicitous terms by Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

"The A.A., which started fifty years ago as a band of rebels, is to-day an accepted part of the British scene," he said. "Its opinion is sought—and very carefully considered—upon all matters affecting roads and road usage.

"What might be described as the purely militant era was but a short period, for it ended with the abolition of the general speed limit of twenty miles an hour. From that day the guiding principles have been helpfulness and service.

"No longer does the Association obstruct the police in the strictly lawful execution of their duties—as it was once alleged to do. Instead, it sits with them at the conference table, bringing its vast experience to bear upon common problems."

The only statement by the Minister with which Mr. Tim Kelly, the A.A.'s present Secretary, might be inclined to disagree is his reference to the Association's militant days being over. I think Tim Kelly and his colleagues would vigorously deny any such suggestion!

I agree with Lord Teynham when he says, in an introduction to *Golden Milestone*, that it is "almost an anthology, to be dipped into at any time," rather than a book to be read solemnly from start to finish.

It contains an excellent selection of illustrations, and the contributors include Bryan Morgan (who also helped with the editing), Raymond Baxter, Howard Marshall, Raymond Postgate, Courtenay Edwards, Laurie Cade, Stephen Crozier and Cyril May.

The President of the Automobile Association, the Duke of Edinburgh, was unable to attend the Guildhall banquet, but sent a message of congratulation and good wishes.

The Duke will take the salute at a cavalcade of motoring history in Regent's Park on Saturday, June 18, when the A.A.'s jubilee celebrations reach their climax. Featured in a number of tableaux tracing the development of the A.A., will be a 1905 speed "cop" in the uniform of the period.

There will also be A.A. cycle patrols dressed as they appeared on the Brighton and Portsmouth roads early in the century, with yellow armlets, badges and field-glasses (to spot police traps from afar).

Other tableaux will include a police-court scene to depict the introduction of free legal aid; and a replica of Britain's first roadside petrol-filling station, erected and operated by the A.A. Altogether, there will be 350 vehicles in the procession.

Motoring organisations in fifteen countries which have been modelled on the A.A. are sending road patrols.

Many happy returns, A.A.!

I want to devote my remaining space to recording the brilliant victory of young Stirling Moss in the Mille Miglia. It would have been even better if Britain's twenty-five-year-old champion racing driver had been piloting a British car, but thanks to Stirling's driving, we can bask in the reflected glory of his win in a 2.9-litre Mercedes-Benz.

In England only motor-racing enthusiasts know exactly how tough and dangerous is this 1,000-miles Italian race for sports cars over open roads. The number of cars competing was 533. They set out at minute intervals from Brescia, scorched down the Adriatic coast to Pescara, turned west over the Apennines to Rome, roared up to Florence, and climbed over Italy's rocky backbone again to Bologna, the plains of Lombardy and back to Brescia.

THE START OF THE HEAVY CLASS IN THE MILLE MIGLIA: The cars assembled at Brescia for the annual race, which this year was won by Britain's Stirling Moss in a Mercedes-Benz. Moss is the first Englishman to win this race.

Accompanied by Dennis Jenkinson, a London journalist, Moss set out at 7.22 a.m. and got back to Brescia at half-past five in the afternoon. For just over ten hours, and with only a few brief stops for refuelling, a tyre change and to get his log-book stamped at the control points, Moss drove in the hot sun at an incredible speed over roads densely lined with spectators at many points. On the fast straight stretches Moss touched 170 m.p.h. He completed the race at the record average speed—including all stops—of 97.93 m.p.h., and finished more than half an hour in front of Juan Fangio, the world champion, who drove solo in another open Mercedes.

Moss is the first Englishman ever to win this classic race, which counts towards the world sports car championship. It is a measure of the greatness of his triumph that two other Mercedes factory cars—driven by Karl Kling and Hans Hermann—could not stand the pace, and that most of Italy's works-entered Ferraris also dropped out one by one.

The Jaguar Company, chief upholders of British prestige in international sports car racing, did not enter a team in the Mille Miglia. They are concentrating on their preparations for the 24-hours race at Le Mans next month, which Mr. William Lyons, the Jaguar chief, considers more important from the publicity point of view.

There was a team of Aston Martins, including an open two-seater—a D.B.3S—driven by Peter Collins, but they all broke down. The other privately-owned British cars stood little chance against the more powerful models entered by Italy and Germany. However, congratulations are due to George Abecassis, who finished eleventh in the general classification in a 2.6-litre Austin-Healey. His was the first British car to finish. It was a magnificent effort.

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THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE, THE MAIN EVENT OF LAST SATURDAY'S MEETING AT SILVERSTONE: The winner, Peter Collins, in a Maserati (No. 3), is on the left of the picture just behind car No. 4, another Maserati, driven by Roy Salvadori. Collins finished the sixty laps (approximately 180 miles) in 1 hr. 49 mins. 50 secs. He was followed by Salvadori in 1 hr. 50 mins. 29 secs., and then by Bira (Maserati), Simon (Maserati) and by Rosier (Maserati). The fastest lap was by Salvadori, who created a record of 98.48 m.p.h.

MASERATIS WIN AT SILVERSTONE

They Gain the First Five Places in the International Trophy Race of 180 Miles

Last Saturday's International Trophy Race, organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club at Silverstone, was a triumph for the privately-owned Italian Maseratis. Five of them, led by Peter Collins, of Kidderminster, gained the leading places in the race, with Roy Salvadori (second) creating a new lap record of 1 min. 47 secs., at a speed of 98.48 m.p.h. For much of the way Collins and Salvadori battled for first position, until Collins shot ahead in the 32nd lap. Not one of the four new British Formula 1 cars entered in the race finished the course. One of the two Connaughts (J. Fairman) retired after holding third place for nearly half the race, and the other, driven by K. McAlpine, gave up on the 44th lap. Of the two Vanwalls one, driven by Mike Hawthorn, left the race after 16 laps, and the other, with Ken Wharton at the wheel, crashed in flames on the 23rd lap. In the Sports Car Race, Parnell, in an Aston Martin, finished ahead of Salvadori's Aston Martin. Rolt, in a Jaguar, was third. A Jaguar, with Hawthorn at the wheel, won the general classification in the touring car race.

BATTLING FOR FIRST PLACE: Roy Salvadori (car No. 4) is seen ahead of Peter Collins near the end of lap 24. For much of the race they were followed in third place by J. Fairman in a Connaught. This Formula 1 car was put out of the race with a broken throttle control.

On left—

A DRIVER IS THROWN CLEAR FROM A CRASHING CAR: J. G. Sears is thrown clear as his Lister-Bristol crashes into the bank during the 120 miles International Sports Car Race. He escaped without serious injury.

Below—

A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR KEN WHARTON: One of the two Vanwalls entered in the International Trophy Race bursts into flames after crashing on the 23rd lap. Wharton, who was attempting to make up for stops earlier in the race, escaped from the blazing car. He received burns on his arms and neck and a suspected fractured wrist.

THE WINNER OF THE SPORTS CAR RACE: Reg Parnell completed the 40 laps in his Aston Martin in 1 hr. 15 mins. 4 secs., at a speed of 93.58 m.p.h.

MIKE HAWTHORN AT THE WHEEL OF THE OTHER VANWALL: He left the race after lying fourth for part of the way. His car had a broken tappet.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

OFF TO "FOREIGN PARTS"

"Strangers in the Sun" is Noel Barber's Account of Recent Trips to a Dozen and More Places; and Other New Publications

I DON'T always think that newspapermen have, in their career, chosen The Good Life (and I have the evidence of newspaperwomen to support me in this), but I do always feel that they have chosen the right life for them. In Mr. Noel Barber's case the two conditions seem to be allied, and the results are seen in articles and books that manage to be mildly adventurous, urbane and open-eyed rather than wide-eyed, a term which now connotes not so much a childlike faith, as a capacity for believing Press agents' stories. Mr. Barber is emphatically not wide-eyed in this sense.

He knows, and relishes, the Far East; goes there with happy anticipation and leaves with regret. The same might be said of Paris, where he has made his home. But since he suffers from—or enjoys—an itching foot, in the traveller's rather than the bar-haunter's idiom, he cannot calmly remain even in his comfortable Left Bank eyrie for more than a few weeks at a time, but must be off to what one's elders used rightly to call "Foreign Parts." STRANGERS IN THE SUN (Bles. 16s.) is a book of travel pieces, in which the author writes of his recent trips to Saigon, Malaya, Copenhagen, Kuwait, and a dozen other spheres of journalistic action, all unrelated except for their potentialities as good news stories.

In the South of France Mr. Barber visited Mr. Somerset Maugham, in New York he spent the greater part of two days watching the uncanny electronic brain at work, in Casablanca he was stabbed five times by a terrorist and happily lived to send his paper the really exclusive story. In Bermuda he went for an underwater stroll with a pretty girl in a coral garden, in Abadan, or, rather, to reach it, he swam the dangerous Shatt-al Arab River, and in none of these places was he, apparently, bored for a split second. But the reader will have more fun following Mr. Barber for himself, so I will only add my recommendation and go on to discuss a very different sort of travel book.

THE HERO OF "WE DIE ALONE": Jan Baalsrud, the Norwegian saboteur, whose wartime adventures and endurance after the sinking of the Norwegian fishing vessel *Bratthølm* have been recalled by David Howarth. In a review on this page Vernon Fane describes *We Die Alone* as "a superb story."

NORTH WITH THE SPRING (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) is the record of a 17,000-mile journey made by an American naturalist, Mr. Edwin Way Teale, from the Everglades of Florida to the Canadian boundary, and was enthusiastically reviewed on this page when it appeared a year or so ago. It has now been re-issued and should be welcome not only to other naturalists, but to the many who can appreciate an expert's account of what is really a new world.

THE OLD TURKEY AND THE NEW (Bles. 16s.) is, for the most part, a familiar volume, too, for under a different title Sir Harry Luke published this historical and political study just before the war, and has here revised it and added a chapter to bring it up to date. The object of the book is to trace the transition from the Ottoman Empire to the present-day Republic, and this Sir Harry, with his personal experience of Turkish and Near East affairs, has been able to accomplish most ably.

Mr. John Pollard writes of his adventures in modern Greece, and his search for the mysterious river in JOURNEY TO THE STYX (Johnson. 16s.). This is a very agreeable travel book indeed, which teaches one a great deal about the country, about its travel hazards at the present time, about its wonderful beauties and authoritatively, for Mr. Pollard is an archæologist, about its monasteries, temples and traces of an earlier civilisation. He writes simply, a feat which we all know is paradoxically difficult, and resists any temptation which might be quite understandable, to overload his chapters with technicalities.

WESTERN GERMANY (Batsford. 18s.) is an admirable guide-book by Mr. Monk Gibbon, who has chosen his routes and his points of interest with a rigid selectivity which I, for one, commend. It is unlikely, for instance, that visitors and leisured travellers (whether in fact or in imagination), for whom the book is chiefly designed, would want to include the Ruhr in their itinerary, so the book includes no discussion of it, apparently on the laudable premise that if people want to read about industrial conditions they want an entirely different kind of book from this. In the meantime, Mr. Gibbon's book takes the reader through the Black Forest, to the Rhineland and to Bavaria, to the northern beaches and the mountains of the south. To praise illustrations can be a backhanded way of disparaging a text, but, in this case, Mr. Gibbon has contrived to make the ninety-odd photographs an integral part of his work.

Of biographical works there are two this week of especial interest, although the contrast between them is strong. First, Mr. David Howarth's story of a young Norwegian soldier during the war. In 1943, Jan Baalsrud sailed from Shetland for Arctic Norway in a fishing-boat with eleven others, in order to sabotage a German air base there. The Germans attacked their boat and only Jan survived to reach an Arctic island, and to make his way to Sweden, eighty miles away.

That journey took him two months, and before it ended Jan himself had given up any hope of safety and his successive helpers were very close to despair. He had swum from island to island in literally icy seas; he had trudged and climbed through uncharted mountains; he had started an avalanche which tossed him 300 ft. down. He was finally found by chance with concussion and frostbite and blind from the glare of the snow. That was no more than the beginning of his struggle towards freedom, but it was the start of an extraordinary chain of rescue-workers who, because of his frost-bitten feet, were faced with the task of carrying him bodily across the mountains, through blizzards and ambushes, till eventually they reached a frozen lake with Sweden at its farther side, and were saved, fantastically, by a stampede of reindeer. WE DIE ALONE (Collins. 15s.) is a superb story, and great credit should be given to Mr. Howarth for writing it, and for his very active research in Norway beforehand.

Damon Runyon was a purely American literary figure and no other nation could have produced just that blend of dryness, disillusion, humour, sentiment and wonderful, outrageous, present-tense idiom. As a short-story writer he affected American letters as much as O. Henry thirty years earlier, and, born of Western stock, he yet belonged entirely to the Broadway of his choosing. FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS (Constable. 10s. 6d.) is not the happiest title for the biography by his son, Damon Runyon, Jr., since, on a careful assessment, it seems to be equally divided between a summary of his father's career and last, terrible illness, and an extremely sympathetic account of the son's own problems. It is always good to know about a man and a writer as original and salty as Damon Runyon: I expect that some day another biography of him will be written, from another perspective.

There are only two points of view about bull-fighting—at any rate in this country, it seems. They are, succinctly, for and against. Occasionally an opponent of the sport may be won over completely, but there are no half-way waverers, except, of course, among those who have never seen a bull-fight. It is either the most brutal and degrading of blood sports, or it can have "the slow, sad fury of a perfect bull-fight." Mr. Kenneth Tynan takes the latter view, and in BULL FEVER (Longmans. 18s.) explains his standpoint, and describes twelve *corridas* which he saw in Spain in 1952, covering the bulls and the fighters, the styles and the rivalries ". . . . and the experiences, alternately vile and glorious, which I had in their presence."

Mr. Tynan, who is by profession a dramatic critic, sees some analogies between the drama of the stage and the drama of the bull-ring. He writes effectively always and sometimes brilliantly. I have lived a certain number of years without wanting to see a bull-fight, and not Mr. Hemingway, twenty years ago, or Mr. Tynan this month have affected this disinclination. Nevertheless, I have enjoyed reading this book, and studying the photographs of the grave, formal and infinitely hazardous gestures of the matadors themselves.

It is disappointing to have to report that Mr. John Dos Passos' new novel, MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), would be worth no great consideration if it did not bear his distinguished name. This is the story of a young man, an American of Jewish descent, who gets a Hollywood writer's contract as a result of his first successful play. He is emotionally and theoretically interested in Communism, a movement in which many of his New York friends are involved, but his three ruling passions, and in that order, are writing, talking and women.

In his new Californian life he finds that the first brings him considerable wealth, the second a number of enemies, and the third very little stability. In the end his active but under-cover Communist friends present him with an alternative and, in fear of his life, he chooses their creed as against his hopes of love or family life. Because it is Mr. Dos Passos who has written this story, and because he has evidently been inspired by what I can only call a sincerely anti-political feeling, the novel has a certain interest, but it is far below his own standard, and the last page of the book, when the tale leaves off rather than comes to an end, is lamentable.

Finally, here is a murder mystery by one of England's most distinguished thriller writers. WATSON'S CHOICE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), by Miss Gladys Mitchell, has indeed a thrilling quality. It is concerned with dark doings in a fog-bound English country house and features that saurian psychologist, Mrs. Bradley. Recommended as good and wildly inappropriate reading for a blossomy May day.

IMMORTAL PAINTINGS

An Anthology of National Galleries

There must be incalculable thousands of people to-day who owe to the Phaidon Press their introduction to an appreciation of Art. The exquisitely reproduced Phaidon volumes of the works of Masters of the Visual Arts command the attention of man in all his stages—from infants grasping their initial ideas of form and colour, to experts able to discriminate the ideas contained in a creative unity. But probably Phaidon has never attempted anything more ambitious than its latest production—TREASURES OF THE GREAT NATIONAL GALLERIES (35s.).

Dr. Hans Tietze, one of the foremost art historians of our time, writes on each of the great National Museums in Vienna, Florence (the Uffizi), Paris (the Louvre), Madrid (the Prado), Amsterdam, Berlin, London and Washington, explaining their origin and development. There are also detailed notes on the 300 illustrations which are reproduced, 24 of the pictures being in full colour and representing a cross-section of the great art works of the Occident.

There are some pleasant surprises in this selection. For instance, that superb Renoir "The Umbrellas," one of the treasures of the National Gallery in London, and Cézanne's "Old Woman with a Rosary" are given places of honour. This volume shows clearly the national character of each country, as revealed by the art chosen for permanent exhibition. Dr. Tietze points out that seven of the eight leading galleries of the Western World were involved in war damage. The Berlin collections suffered most severely, despite the precautions taken. According to Dr. Tietze, the pictures that were hidden in the salt-mines of Grasleben have emerged unscathed, but those placed in the great flak tower at Friedrichshain, although untouched by the bombing, were destroyed between May 5 and May 10, 1945. The cause for this appalling conflagration has yet to be established. But, as a result, the Berlin Museum lost 417 pictures.

The faking of furniture no longer pays. According to Mr. R. W. Symonds, the higher standard of knowledge and the rise in cabinet-makers' wages have squeezed the profit out of this doubtful trade. In his remarkable volume FURNITURE-MAKING IN 17th AND 18th CENTURY ENGLAND (The Connoisseur. £8 8s.) he devotes a chapter to "the ingenious faker," and warns collectors that, although new spurious furniture is no longer economical to make, none the less faked furniture abounds, some of it made more difficult to detect by the patina of genuine age. Mr. Symonds gives us two exceptions to this rule. Fakers are still at work adapting small looking-glasses and small dining-tables.

This is a volume which will be welcomed both by the tyro and the collector of some experience. The author emphasises the varying origins of old furniture. Some of it was made for the wealthy nobility, some for the middle classes, and some for the country poor. There are also marked differences between furniture made in provincial towns and furniture made by prominent cabinet-makers in London. Mr. Symonds guides us through this maze with a practised skill. He has chosen his illustrations with care.

Hans Andersen's autobiography first appeared in German in a collected edition of his works published in Leipzig in 1847. It contained a great deal of factual detail about contemporary personages and events which would not be of general interest to-day. So we can give a special welcome to Maurice Michael's careful abridgement of the text which tends to leave free for our examination the man and the writer. He calls it THE MERMAID MAN (Arthur Barker. 16s.). It is a most moving book, and most moving of all is Hans Andersen's account of the day when Odense bestowed honorary citizenship upon him. Bands played, the flags were flown and the people thronged the streets. "Now I know," said Hans "what it must be like for a person driving to the scaffold."

Charles Norman's RAKE ROCHESTER (W. H. Allen. 16s.) is a book written with a real sense of period. The pathetic John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, has been variously judged brilliant, dissolute, courageous, lusty, eccentric and amusing. Into his thirty-three years he endeavoured to crowd a number of sad adventures. Mr. Norman has put him into the right perspective. We are shown Rochester against the vivid background of the Restoration Court—which was the cause of him being a tragic failure.

There should surely be a special welcome for the latest English edition in the series "*Les Beaux Pays*." NAPLES AND ITS SURROUNDINGS (Nicholas Kaye. 30s.), by Y. and E. R. Labande, is so unlike the usual guide that it has to be seen to be appreciated.

THE IRISH AND CATHOLIC POWER (Verschoyle. 18s.) is by Paul Blanshard, a member of the New York Bar. Mr. Blanshard descends from three generations of Protestant clergymen. It is not surprising to find that he is a zealous critic of Roman Catholic public policy. This is a book which will arouse controversy. The author examines many features of the Irish Republic with by no means favourable conclusions and alleges that Irish "Catholic power is a world phenomenon." But for the personal lives of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy he has nothing but praise.

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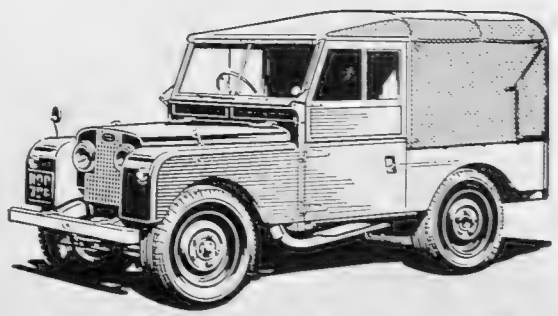

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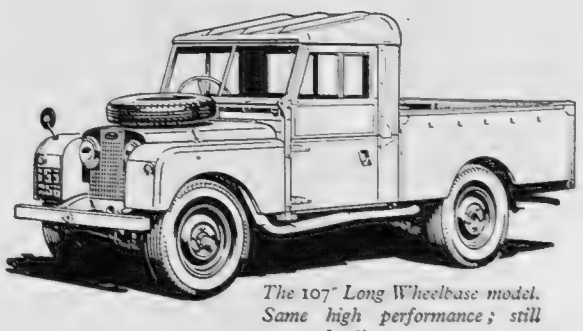

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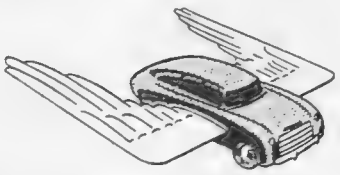

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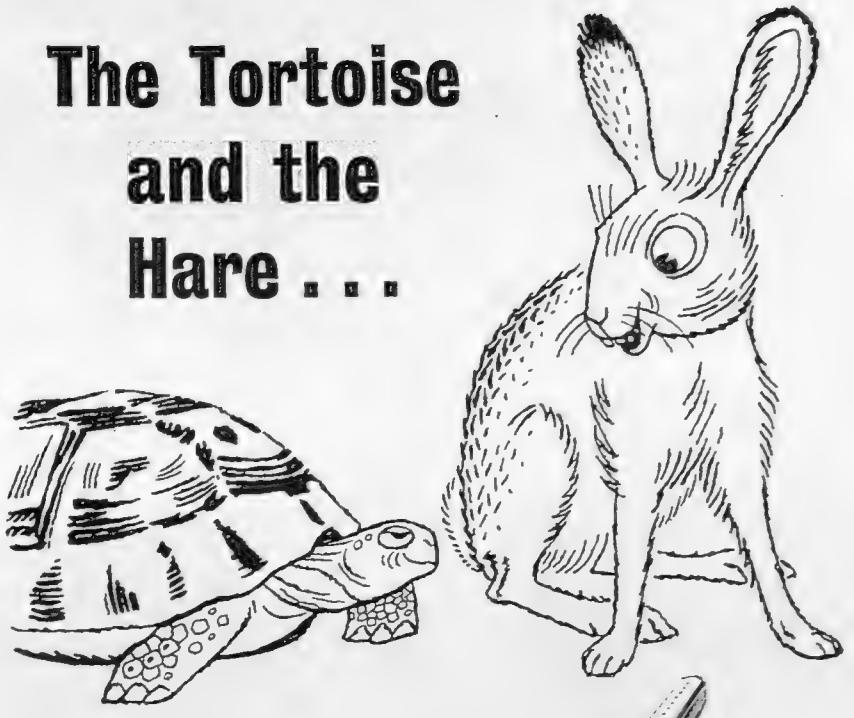
The Tortoise and the Hare . . .



. . . decided to race to Paris. "I'll be there first!" boasted Hare, and off he ran.

But when he arrived in Paris, Tortoise was already there, sipping an aperitif.

"Hey!" panted Hare, "How were you so quick?"

Tortoise laughed. "I caught a train," he said.

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FROM the 1955 edition of the Automobile Association Members' Annual Handbook, I learn that this year, for the first time since before the war, it will be possible to transport oneself and car by train from King's Cross to Perth, at a cost of £15 for driver and car, and £4 10s. for each additional passenger. The train will run twice a week in each direction, and the accommodation is limited to eighty passengers and twenty cars. Cars will have to be at the respective stations between 3 and 6.30 p.m., and though third-class sleeping accommodation will be available, no meals will be served. The train will leave King's Cross on Wednesdays and Sundays at 7.45 p.m. and arrive at Perth at 5.30 a.m. The return from Perth will be on Tuesdays and Saturdays leaving at 8 p.m. and arriving at 6.05 a.m.

From all I hear there will be no lack of tourists motoring around Scotland this year, and it may help if I were to devote this article to anticipating some of the many questions which crop up annually in planning a Scottish tour.

I am often asked about accommodation in Oban, which is not surprising, having regard to the fact that it is a gateway by sea to the Western Isles and by road to some of the finest Highland scenery. Alas, accommodation is hard come by here at the height of the tourist season. However, in addition to the Alexandra Hotel, which I have recommended for a number of years, I discovered, last year, a small fourteen-bedroom hotel called Corriemar, where Mrs. Helen Wright has a well-deserved reputation for looking after her visitors. The majority of bedrooms have window-seats so that one can fully enjoy the wonderful views of the Firth of Lorne, Kerrera Island and the Mountains of Mull.

Many knowledgeable people prefer to be outside Oban itself, and with a car, what is 5½ miles? Their hideaway is the Falls of Lora Hotel at Connel Ferry, admirably run for over fifty years by Mrs. Stewart, who must be one of the oldest and yet the "youngest" hoteliers still actively practising. It is indeed a surprise to find such delightful old-world courtesy coupled with excellent fare, so free from the bustle of busy Oban.

While on the subject of gateways my mind turns to the Trossachs, where Aberfoyle on the south is a natural entry. The Baillie Nichol Jarvie is the best-known hotel, but as an alternative do not overlook the smaller Covenanter's Inn perched on the hillside away from the sound of traffic. A comparative newcomer to Aberfoyle, Mr. R. Russell Steele is a man of energy and imagination. His "olde worlde inn" is of new creation but the "Wee Noggin Cocktail Bar," the "Cavern Bar," entrance hall and lounge with massive stone fireplaces, rough hewn beams (all lit by candle-light), provide the stage effects for good food, refreshment and sleep. The Inn has fourteen bedrooms, six with private bathrooms.

I think that many motorists touring Scotland make the mistake of trying to cover too much ground, and I suggest that unless they are primarily concerned with a fishing holiday, they do not venture farther north than Lairg. Here the Sutherland Arms Hotel, presided over by an experienced hotelier of the old school—Mrs. A. Fotheringham—is an admirable gateway for the north-west Highlands. But for those who have in mind not only touring but golf, and sea bathing, the answer is clearly Dornoch Castle Hotel, twenty-one miles to the east of Lairg. This, to the newcomer, is an amazing find and has a particular appeal to our Overseas visitors who delight in genuine age. But the real surprise is its modern comfort and warmth within. An electric lift will transfer you from the dungeons (now wine cellars) to the battlements, and on every floor are bedrooms, all individually furnished and centrally heated, while the lounges and library have the homely charm of a country house. So if a real Scottish castle is on your list of ambitions—here you are!

Wherever you may decide to make for in Scotland, I urge you not to miss that magnificent run from Inverness to Fort William. To appreciate it the more fully, stay at Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Malcolm's inn—The Lewiston Arms, near Drumnadrochit. Here you should get the real feel of Scotland. Kilts and tartans are much in evidence, and national and local dishes feature on the menu. Though they will have plenty of "the wine of the country" they make a speciality of the wines of all countries, served by the glass or the bottle.

Finally, whatever you may be planning it is likely that Edinburgh will be on your list, and just outside the confines of the City I have three suggestions.

The first is Woodside Hotel, Aberdour, which faces Edinburgh on the south side of the Firth of Forth. By road it is about sixteen miles and means crossing the ferry, but the time and distance is worth it because the cooking is plentiful, imaginative, and inexpensive, and the bedrooms are furnished and decorated in a way that would be hard to better. Over and above these niceties is sincerity of service.

Eighteen miles to the south-east lies Gullane, and this would probably be the choice of those who want to combine their visits to Edinburgh with first-class golf. Greywalls Hotel, at Gullane, faces Muirfield and is but a few miles from Gullane and North Berwick courses. Nowhere in Scotland will you find a building so unlike a hotel in its appearance, a lovely Lutyens specimen of a private dwelling house, it conveys all the attributes of gracious living.

As a complete contrast to modern Greywalls make a note of Johnstounburn at Humbie, in East Lothian, seventeen miles from Edinburgh, the lovely home of Colonel and Mrs. Cruickshank dating from the seventeenth century. Wisely the owners have their own quarters, so neither they nor their guests intrude on each other's privacy. The house is quite charming, the grounds amazingly well-groomed, and the catering is what one would expect in a private house with a first-rate family cook in the background. To locate it, the entrance gates are to be found on the road to Haddington, which leads off the A68 (London to Edinburgh).

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand: Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel.: Aberdour 8.

ABERFOYLE, PERTHSHIRE.
THE COVENANTERS INN
Note well this unique inn where soft lighting, old woodwork and exquisite cooking blend with modern appointed bedrooms and private bathrooms. A good base for the Trossachs, Stirling and Loch Lomond.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles), or for fishing and shooting in season.

DORNOCH, Sutherland. DORNOCH CASTLE HOTEL
To stay within the portals of this historic castle is not only a unique experience but a very happy one, for modern comfort is as readily apparent as ancient charms. For golf, sands and sightseeing, make Dornoch Castle your holiday home. Tel.: 16.

NR. DRUMNADROCHIT, Inverness-shire. THE LEWISTON ARMS
An old Scottish Inn. Excellent centre for Sport, Motoring, Walking. Fishing: Salmon, Sea-trout and Brown-trout. Home produce. No charabancs. Open April to mid-October. Write Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. M. Malcolm. Drumnadrochit 225.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write S. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

NR. EDINBURGH, GULLANE. GREYWALLS
The only dour thing about this hotel is its name, for comfort and hospitality abound in this lovely Lutyens house. Within easy reach of city, first-class Golf, private Tennis Court, lovely Garden. Licensed. Brochure from Lieut.-Colonel J. Weaver. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

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Wel-l-l yes; but it's dreadful. I was in such a rush to get away I couldn't get my regular man, and the assistant has simply ruined it.

You poor thing; and you're sitting at the captain's table, too. Why not go down and see the hairdresser . . .

What—here—aboard ship?

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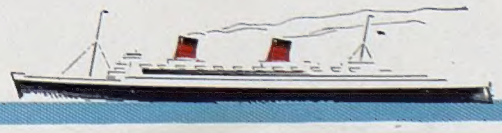

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